

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,577, Vol. 61.

January 16, 1886.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE formal opening of Parliament, or, to speak with extreme accuracy, the proceedings preliminary to the formal opening of Parliament, which took place on Tuesday, gave occasion to language and action which some fervent new members probably regarded as extremely unreal and unbusinesslike. The CLARKS and the ARCHES, the HUNTERS and the EVERETTS (who believe themselves to have been sent to Westminster, not to provide for the good of the nation, but to turn Lord SALISBURY out, or to arrange for the retirement of English troops from all dependencies, or to disestablish the Church, or to disendow landlords), must have listened with no small disgust to the dignified conventionalities of Sir JOHN MOWBRAY and Mr. BRIGHT, and the SPEAKER, and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH and Mr. GLADSTONE. Dignity and convention are things not merely not understood of, but hateful to, the class of modern Radical represented by these and other honourable members. And no doubt more than one of them regarded with genuine indignation the time lost in lifting the mace, in procession to and from the House of Lords, and in other idle ceremonies—time which might have been given to a motion for the evacuation of Burmah or a motion for the conversion of cathedrals into music-halls. It is not the least but the most interesting problem of the coming Session whether the digestion of Parliament, famous for its feats of assimilation in former times, will be able to deal with all this crude and hot and acid material. Never before, hardly even after the first Reform Bill in 1832, has such a task been set before it.

There are some who think that this ostrich-like function, whether successfully performed or not, will pretty well use up, in the attempt to perform it, the whole energies of the new Assembly. Supposing that the Government, preferring the older and in every way safer course of proceeding, meets the House next Thursday with no other challenge of confidence than the proposition of a large and varied programme of measures, the opportunity offered to the undisciplined novices above referred to will be tempting and practically free. Even in the last Parliament, which contained much less unruly elements, the expansion of the debate on the Address was very great and most inconvenient. There appears to be no positive reason why in the present case the Address should not be debated till Easter. The intelligence of the new Radical members is not as a rule remarkable, but it is no doubt equal to the discovery that the private member has, when this grand opportunity is once past, less and less chance every Session of airing his crotchets. Perhaps some check may be put on irresponsible speaking or amendment-moving by intelligent manipulation of the Caucus, of which most of the new members who are most likely to prove nuisances stand in particular dread. But it is not quite certain that the Liberal leaders, whoever they are, possess sufficient control over that organization to do this, or that those who do possess such control are anxious to use it for such a purpose. The attitude of all parties in the Opposition appears to be that of cats on a wall. They are arching their backs and swelling their tails hugely at the hated Government, and some of them do not fail to permit themselves an occasional yell, like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's on Monday; but they appear to be very cautious of making a decided movement. This is, of itself, rather favourable to the prolongation of desultory debate; as also is the very considerable minishing of the more experienced debaters and

tacticians on the Liberal side. On the other hand, while it is clearly not the cue of the Government deliberately to protract debate, it is as clearly not their interest to attempt to cut it short. Too much rope cannot be given to the CLARKS and the HUNTERS, the ARCHES and the EVERETTS; for the more clearly they display their natures the better, especially in an *ad interim* Parliament like the present, which can hardly do more than pass, according to the old joke, a certain number of weeks. Yet it is precisely in such a Parliament that the unexpected is most likely to happen, and the wisest students of its action will be the least surprised if it acts in a way directly contrary to their estimate.

The somewhat monotonous and by no means impressive ceremony of swearing in members in an English House of Commons has, as a rule, nothing of the political interest which attaches to verification of powers in some other Assemblies. There are no doubt some of the new members who pine for the days when a right-minded majority shall be able to unseat wicked Tories with all the facility of French Republican habits; but that is not yet. On this occasion, however, a certain peculiar interest attached to the proceeding from the possible recurrence of the familiar BRADLAUGH difficulty. Notorious as the facts of the case are, or should be, it would appear that they are not notorious enough to escape misrepresentation. At the present moment the law, as settled by the Courts, is that Mr. BRADLAUGH is a person disqualified from taking an oath; while, on the other hand, he has no right to affirm. These decisions, it must be observed, are quite independent of Parliamentary votes, orders, or anything of the kind, and, therefore, do not form part of that temporary "law of Parliament" which is supposed to cease and pass out of official knowledge at every dissolution, requiring resuscitation in the next Parliament. The opinion, therefore, unfortunately accepted by Mr. PEEL, that there were no means of preventing Mr. BRADLAUGH from taking the oath, is clearly erroneous, unless the entire process of taking the oath (and not merely of taking the oath, but of going through any similar formality of entrance) is an idle farce. The fact of the process implies the possibility of interruption and challenge, and the grounds of interruption and challenge are here present in the form, not of extinct resolutions or sessional orders, but of decisions of the Courts of the realm, which decisions, till reversed, are alive and binding upon all HER MAJESTY'S subjects. The real difficulty lies in the anomalous condition of an English House of Commons during the interval between the election of its Speaker and its first meeting for the transaction of business. It is a House and not a House, a corporate body and a congeries of yet not full incorporated members. Nor is it at all difficult to imagine difficulties quite as serious as this of Mr. BRADLAUGH's, but entirely different in kind, arising from this peculiarity. As for Mr. BRADLAUGH himself, it is impossible to discern any reason for extending an amnesty to him. The arguments of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH and others savour far too much of that mischievous acceptance of sufficiently troublesome evil-doing which is more and more becoming the curse of English public life, though it has no doubt always been a stain on the national character. Whether a man wants to alter the marriage law for his own amusement, or to dismember the Empire, or first to advertise himself as an Atheist and then to escape the inconvenient consequences of the advertisement, it seems that

he has only to make himself sufficiently troublesome for a sufficient time to establish by degrees a claim to have his way. Apart from the operation of this singular and very evil principle it is not easy to discern one single argument for Mr. BRADLAUGH's admission, while, curiously enough, the principle itself, applied in a different sense, works against him. For no appreciable number of members have urged inability to take the oath or disinclination to take it, so that the redress of Mr. BRADLAUGH's grievance is still a mere privilege.

Mr. PEEL, however, as has been said, chose to think differently, and, as has also been pointed out, he was absolutely master of the situation. The silly taunts which have been aimed at the Government and the Conservative party are excused, it is to be hoped, in some cases by the ignorance of those who make them. Until the constitution of a House by the process of swearing in, the head of a Government himself has not only no more power, but no more authority, than Mr. THOROLD ROGERS or Mr. BRADLAUGH. Neither he nor any one else could, as has been kindly suggested, "get himself suspended" by vigorous protest; for there is no one to suspend him, and he himself is not in a condition of suspendability. The Speaker is absolute, and on this occasion the SPEAKER chose to lay down that the common principle as to *ignorantia juris* does not apply to Speakers. For (be it repeated) it was not the proceedings of the House of Commons which excluded Mr. BRADLAUGH, but the proceedings of the Courts of law, and of these it might have been supposed that Mr. PEEL, like all the rest of HER MAJESTY's subjects, is bound to be cognizant. He, however, thinks differently; and he happens to have been in a position wherein he could give his opinion practical effect without the possibility of any one else preventing him. The possibility of such a termination of the affair has, of course, been present to the minds of all persons well informed of the practice of Parliament from the first; and, curiously enough, it used to be one of the very arguments by which those who now taunt the Conservatives with inaction strove to deter them from acting. "You cannot," they then said, "prevent Mr. BRADLAUGH from taking the oath in the next Parliament 'if the Speaker chooses'; and therein, at least, they seem to have spoken the truth.

MR. GLADSTONE ON POLITICAL LEISURE.

MR. GLADSTONE seldom misses an opportunity of expressing his dislike of educated persons in easy circumstances. They are denounced as loungers in Clubs, as readers of London newspapers and periodicals, and with an approximately accurate generalization as sceptics who deny the inspiration of the great Liberal prophet. In one of his latest postcards Mr. GLADSTONE attributes his numerous defeats in the metropolitan districts and in the home counties to the influence exercised in London and its neighbourhood by those whom he gracefully describes as "the leisured rich." For the derivation of a participle from a substantive there are perhaps some precedents, as in the books which record the pedigrees of "the landed gentry," but Mr. GLADSTONE may claim the merit of originality in the invidious epithet "leisured." The postcard which condemns the unoffending owners of a competence was elicited by the inquiry of an unknown correspondent as to the probable cause of local Conservative victories. In a former generation leisured garrulity always addressed itself to the Duke of WELLINGTON, who would have replied that the gratification of idle curiosity was no business of his. Mr. GLADSTONE is more affable; and he welcomes the opportunity of flattering the mob at the expense of the rest of the community. In the same spirit he boasted that his return for Midlothian had been secured by the votes of the people, in spite of the opposition of the gentry and in general of the upper and middle classes. It is undoubtedly true that the numerical majority of Scotch voters supported Mr. GLADSTONE; but even in London, in Kent, and in Surrey the leisured rich can scarcely have outvoted the tradesmen, the artisans, and the whole mass of the working population.

In 1880, when the Liberals had carried most of the metropolitan boroughs, Mr. GLADSTONE accounted for the rare exceptions on a somewhat different hypothesis. The Liberals, he said, had only been defeated in the City because the voters were devoted to the task of making money, and in Westminster, where the equally immoral habit of spending money prevailed. Both parts of London are now in-

cluded in the contumelious designation of the "leisured rich"; yet in the half-million of men who spend their days in the City of London there is perhaps not one who answers to the description. The rich citizens seldom during business hours enjoy a moment of leisure; and the few who have little or nothing to do are invariably poor. The "occupied rich" whom Mr. GLADSTONE distinguishes from the leisured Sybarites cordially share the distrust of Mr. GLADSTONE, which is therefore not exclusively nurtured by idleness and ease. Many of the more prosperous frequenters of the City are perhaps included in the list of the leisured rich because they reside and vote in the suburban villages and districts. The strain of mind which is caused by speculation and commercial anxiety ought to counteract the demoralizing tendencies which are attributed to leisure. The reason why a retired merchant or an ordinary resident in a comfortable villa should be unfit to exercise the privilege of voting for a Parliamentary representative is an inscrutable mystery. Some of those who have made or inherited a fortune are still eager to increase their wealth, while others in similar circumstances prefer safety and freedom from care. It is at least possible that leisure may promote study and reflection, and other conditions of sound political judgment. The merits of a statesman or of a party used once to be tested by the judgment of capable and disinterested observers. Mr. GLADSTONE follows the opposite course of estimating the qualification of critics by their preference or distrust of his own faction. It was with reference to the same rule that he lately threatened the Universities with disfranchisement, and denied that in the meantime their electoral choice had any moral weight. A Scotch graduate is seldom included in the ranks of the leisured rich; but if he votes against the Liberal candidate, he becomes as much disqualified as if he lived on his means at Norwood or at Richmond.

Some of the metropolitan districts which have returned Conservative members ought to be exempt from the reproach of being inhabited by the leisured rich. Whole boroughs in which almost every able-bodied man is engaged in business or in manual labour are nevertheless represented by opponents of Mr. GLADSTONE. The collective five millions of population outnumber twentyfold the section which could be described as rich, whether its wealth represents leisure or occupation. There is, in truth, no important distinction between the classes which are for his own purposes contrasted by Mr. GLADSTONE. Every owner of any kind of property is to the extent of his possessions in actual or possible enjoyment of leisure; and others are in no way concerned in his further prosecution or in his abandonment of any trade or profession in which he may have been employed. The owner of a great landed estate, if he takes an active part in the management of his property, must be constantly occupied; but his income is, subject to a reasonable deduction for the value of his services, as completely independent of his exertions as if he were the merest idler. Wealthy Englishmen are for the most part ready and anxious to discharge unpaid functions as local administrators or as Members of Parliament; but as they are, according to his own statement, for the most part politically opposed to Mr. GLADSTONE, they are probably included in his contemptuous mention of the leisured rich. Their opinions are, as the late election shows, widely shared by the more numerous class which possesses a modest competence. Those whom Mr. GLADSTONE praises by implication as "the occupied rich" are, if the returns for London and Liverpool and Manchester may be trusted, not more generally willing to countenance the vagaries of revolutionary Liberalism.

Mr. GLADSTONE's attack on the leisured rich is either deliberately or unconsciously directed against the institution of private property; nor can his denunciations be safely neglected as the paradoxes of an irresponsible declaimer. He has seldom been known to forgive opposition to himself, and when he has an opportunity of revenge, he strikes with a heavy hand. The Irish Church, the Irish land, the political power of the upper and middle classes have been successively destroyed. If Mr. GLADSTONE has persuaded himself that toleration of wealth and leisure is incompatible with his own supremacy, he may not improbably try to weaken still further an adverse influence. It is not his habit to find fault with any custom or institution without an attempt to injure what he disapproves. In the same paragraph of his postcard he attributes in part the shortcomings of the London constituencies to the absence of a metropolitan Corporation. He notoriously proposes to

supply the municipal defect; and the leisured rich, who share the guilt of the Vestries and of the Common Council, may perhaps be involved in the same condemnation. Loungers in Pall Mall clubs still possess the same political privileges with the ideal patriot at the plough, and, if they cannot be disfranchised, they may be visited with heavier penalties. In former times it would have seemed as monstrous to taunt a person or a class with the possession of property as to complain that a political antagonist was provided with hands or with eyes. The Socialists of the present day are bent on shaking the foundations of society, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN threatens to make the continued possession of land or money conditional on the payment of an arbitrary ransom.

Mr. GLADSTONE has never condemned the anarchical doctrines of his late colleagues, and he now seems to be gradually feeling his way to a theory which might justify spoliation. The City of London refused to elect a Liberal candidate, though his supporters were reinforced by a contingent of dissatisfied Conservatives. Chelsea would have rejected Sir CHARLES DILKE but for the votes of an outlying district, in which there are no leisured rich. The City offenders might perhaps be sufficiently punished by the abolition of the ancient Corporation; but the other boroughs can only be reached by measures which would affect their local leaders. A graduated Income-tax would fall principally on those who obstinately disbelieve in the wisdom and rectitude of Mr. GLADSTONE. He would perhaps defend such an impost on the ground that it largely diminished the possibilities of leisure. The sufferers would have no means of giving effect to their resentment; and possibly an appeal to the selfishness of the less wealthy classes might secure a certain number of converts to the Radical faith. If the danger is imaginary Mr. GLADSTONE must be acquitted of a vicious design, and only held responsible for an undignified and useless expression of spite. His habit of treating political hostility to himself as criminal is becoming inveterate; but he may perhaps only cultivate a vague irritation against the cultivated classes. An assault on wealth and leisure would still allow impunity to the great majority of members of the liberal professions who are neither idle nor rich. His scheme for depriving the Universities of the right of returning members will be more effectual.

TROUBLES IN THE EAST.

THE *Daily News* has, it is announced, passed under new editorship, and some effect of the change may have been discernible in the appearance in its columns of a "Diary of a Nervous Citizen," in which the old ridicule of alarmists was enforced with the severest economy of personal pronouns and auxiliary verbs. The subject is not a very novel one, but it has the advantage of being generally at hand. A Nervous Citizen may find plenty of opportunities for disquiet in his newspaper. There are, to begin with, the very disappointing and unfortunate symptoms which seem to show that some one or other concerned in the direction of English policy in Egypt, whether at Cairo or in London, whether at the Foreign Office or elsewhere, has not learnt the lesson which has been so clearly taught. But this is only a negative subject of disquiet; there are others which are much more positive.

Various interpretations may be put on the reported incidents on the Russo-Persian frontier taken in connexion with the disturbances on the Persian side of that frontier which are also reported. It may be nervousness, or it may be Mervousness, which thinks of certain words of Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK's, written by an odd coincidence before, and only a few days before, these rumours reached England:—"One trait of Russian character and policy most truly distinctive of the nation and its autocratic Government is tenacity and continuity of purpose." It most certainly is, and it is exactly in consequence of this trait that we should expect trouble to arise (of course in the most accidental manner in the world) on the Russo-Persian frontier. For intelligent and enterprising statesmen know perfectly well that you must not only strike while the iron is hot, but make proper arrangements for getting another iron hot when one has been struck. For the moment it is perhaps improbable that any fresh "grab" will be made on the Afghan frontier proper, despite the manœuvring of the same intelligent kind which seems to be going on with regard to Afghan Turkestan. The memory of Penjdeh is too recent, the work of delimiting the frontier resulting from the last

grab is still in hand, the Indian Government is on the alert, and even among Liberals in England feeling has not resumed its usual apathy. But Persia is a different matter. A considerable number of newly-elected members of Parliament have probably the vaguest possible idea where Meshed and Khorassan, Azerbaijan and Tabreez, may be, and would regard it as an outrage to be asked to get up any interest in them. The virtue which permitted itself to be kindled by a spark of intelligent patriotism about Afghanistan may still flicker mildly when Afghanistan is concerned, but would probably be perfectly cold as regards Persia. Besides, some of the reported troubles are not even in the Afghan direction, but on the other side towards the Caucasus. It is easy to imagine the honest indignation with which persons of the old school of Mr. BRIGHT or of the new school which is horrified at the annexation of Burmah would regard the demand that they should be thinking of the frosty Caucasus. "Perish the Caucasus" would probably be quite a popular cry. All which is perfectly well known in Russia, where also it is doubtless thought well to provide a cause, if necessary, for tightening a little the hold, already no loose one, which Russia has on Northern Persia. Very likely nothing particular will happen just yet; perhaps nothing may happen at all. But it is very convenient, especially when a decided check has just been received in Europe, to take steps in Asia.

Nor is the sky quite clear in reference to the said check in Europe itself. The Note suggesting disarmament which has been sent to Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece means, as any child can see, anything or nothing precisely in accordance with the intention of the Powers to enforce it or not. It might possibly be accepted (though the contrary is asserted) in Greece as a way out of the difficulty which the Greeks at once by their want of audacity and by their petulance have created for themselves. There are much greater difficulties in the way of its acceptance by Servia and Bulgaria. Moreover, it is perfectly well known that the danger does not now so much lie in organized hostilities between recognized Powers as in a suborned series of petty insurrections and outbreaks, fostered perhaps by Greece, perhaps by other Powers, in the dominions still belonging to the SULTAN. To these has to be added the double danger to which Turkey is exposed from the expense of keeping up her present posture of defence, and from the risk of mutiny and insubordination on the part of the army she is thus obliged to keep up. Already something of the kind has been reported, though perhaps falsely. Yet it is certain that nothing could serve the purpose of the mischief-makers better than such mutinies. Insurrection even in Turkey puts the insurgents nominally in the wrong, though it is recognized that insurrection against the Turk is only a virtue in disguise. But if the Turk's own troops could be persuaded to mutiny, and to commit a few outrages, the blame is clearly on the Turk's head. His incapacity for government is once more and glaringly shown, and if afterwards a few insurrections can be thrown in, the game, from the ethnomaniac point of view, may be regarded as won. All dice, however loaded, are fair to play against the Un-speakable, and there is very little doubt that all dice are being played against him.

It requires, therefore, a very sanguine temperament to believe in anything like durable peace in the Balkan peninsula, and the dangerous character of the steps which have been taken to dismember the Turkish Empire becomes every week more apparent. It is no longer a question of Oppressed v. Oppressor; it is a question of rivals clamouring and squabbling over the division of spoil. And there is little hope that this state of things will soon cease. The more candid ethnomaniacs confess that the mixture of races in Macedonia makes its division between Bulgaria and Greece an almost insoluble problem, and the difficulty is nearly, if not quite, as great in regard to Epirus and the West as with regard to Macedonia and the West. When matters have come to such a pitch that a State like Greece, which has armed itself and threatened its neighbours without the shadow of a grievance, is apparently considered not to take up a very unreasonable position in declining to disarm without some sort of compensation for the "sacrifice," the general political topsyturviness has evidently reached its completest point of inversion. If the "sacrifices" of Servia are looked on with less sympathy, it is only because in the eyes of the ethnomaniacs Servia was naughty, and made sacrifices to attack the good Bulgarian instead of the wicked Turk. It is scarcely surprising that these little States should be tempted out of all conscience and sense of responsibility in

action when their proceedings are regarded in this manner. There never can be any chance of peace in the Balkan Peninsula—that is to say, there must be continual danger of war in Europe—until Greece and Servia and Bulgaria and the rest are made to understand that breaches of the peace, and menaces of breaches of the peace, constitute not claims to compensation, but grounds for severe and speedy chastisement. Of this there seems to be at present very little hope, owing to the crotchets which govern the actions of some of the Powers and the secret interests which determine the conduct of others. And it is certainly not a very rash axiom to lay down, that so long as a premium is put upon disorder and aggression, order and peaceful conduct are not to be looked for.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S ANACREONTICS.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR is always talking and writing about drink, and yet he can know very little about it. His acquaintance with drink seems to be almost purely academic, or perhaps we should say Platonic. He rejoices to be present at a "banquet" (in America he was present at many) where (as he says with sparkling originality) "wine was conspicuous by its absence." He might have made an epigram a little fresher than that of TACITUS had wine been conspicuous by its presence. Archdeacon FARRAR, as far as we comprehend his archidiaconal utterances, has changed his views of drink since he gave up publishing poetry. Even as a poet he is seldom absolutely Anacreontic. On the topic of drink he sings that the waves are "wine-dark." This is original, too, and occurs in the ARCHDEACON'S original poetry.

"Come, EDWIN," he cries to some young friend—

Come, Edwin, let us take a stroll the glorious beach along,
And gaze upon the merry waves and hear their summer song.

Let us pause to observe that the archidiaconal verses would be better without the inversion "the glorious beach along." Why not write?—

Come, Edwin, let us take a stroll along the glorious beach
And gaze upon the summer waves, and hear their merry speech.

That is a good deal nicer. But why are the waves merry? ANACREON, or the pseudo-ANACREON, says because they drink. Archdeacon FARRAR himself recognizes this in a kind of way. The waves are not only merry, they are "winey," or, at least, "wine-dark":—

We will not converse much, my boy, but Fancy, wild and free,
Shall flutter o'er the wine-dark wave of the purple shadowed sea.

Archdeacon FARRAR goes on to observe that he and EDWIN will weep like anything to see such quantities of sand, or, at least—

Nor will we check the passion tears if the beauty makes us weep;
and he adds, too (which we can readily believe), that his heart will "gush" (FARRAR'S *Lyrics of Life*, pp. 14, 17).

Archdeacon FARRAR'S next reference in divine song to drink merely proves that he is not one of those who "like a thinner and drier vintage"; he prefers mead, apparently, to absinthe:—

Lo, where Life's crown'd goblet stands,
In infant years before us placed;
A lustrous chalice, richly chased,
With work divine of heavenly hands.
With golden flowers the stem is graced,
And tinct with honey gleams the rim;
Too soon, too soon the gold is dim;
The honey—absinthe to the taste.

Absinthe, and a very good thing, too, in its way, though by no means a beverage to be recommended "in a moog." In another passage the poet alludes to eyes, "Ah, not drunk as mine"; but this is merely metaphorical, and the sense goes on:—

With dancing love-light and the dew of tears,

which no man in his senses would dream of drinking. "Sweet hope's ambrosial wine," mentioned in a poem called "The Breaking of the Ice," was probably mulled. At least we should never think of giving wine which had not been mulled to a person unhappily immersed by an accident while skating; but brandy doubtless would have been best of all, with boiling water. As, however, to our disappointment, "The Breaking of the Ice" does not deal with skating, but with "a seraph with rainbow wings," fair curls, a ruby crown, and similar properties, perhaps the phrase about the ambrosial wine is all a poetical licence.

We come now to stern facts about Drink in a piece styled "The Favoured Hour." Here Archdeacon FARRAR

shows some practical acquaintance with the details of the wine business:—

Oft is the glowing canvas flushed
By winged boys of beauty rare,
Who crush the rich empurpled must,
Kissed by the vineyard's fragrant air.
And every blue bunch clustering o'er,
And each full grape must shed its blood
To lend fresh sweetness to the store
That laugheth in the wine-fat's flood.

This is Bacchanalian; but the rest has "nought to do with 'DIONYSUS.'"

We have shown that, even in poetry, Archdeacon FARRAR says but little in favour of drink, yet he says nothing against it. Meanwhile, he has found out, as he told the Church of England Temperance Society lately, "America is considerably ahead of us on the Temperance Question." America is a go-ahead country. It is considerably ahead of us on the Lynching Question, the Poker Question, the Question of Shooting at Sight, the Question of Harbouring Dynamiters. But we may be even with America yet, just as Archdeacon FARRAR'S prose in 1886 is ahead (on the Temperance Question) of his poetry in 1859.

GOVERNMENT ARMS.

COMMON decency demands that the War Office should be thanked for the inquiry just made at Aldershot into the temper of the bayonets supplied to the British army. It is true that there should never have been any need for such an inquiry. There is even something monstrous in the fact that the country which makes the best steel in the world for all industrial purposes should have to find by solemn experiments whether the weapons supplied to its troops are decently made or not. None the less the War Office deserves some credit for having decided to find out. It is so much the rule that the fighting departments, commonly nicknamed the spending departments, should be allowed to go on as best they can unless there is a public clamour, that it is something to hear of an inquiry being made into a deficiency which is not being prominently brought before the country. During the expedition into the Soudan, and the aimless fighting round Suakim, a good deal was heard of the bad quality of the bayonets supplied to the troops, but when the excitement of the fighting was over the matter was largely forgotten. The War Office might, if it had chosen, have let the whole thing drop. It has not done so, and therefore let it be praised, since even the War Office must not be painted blacker than it is. An inquiry has been held at Aldershot, and it would seem to have been severe. Its net result has been to show that rather less than one-third of the bayonets supplied to the soldiers of the British army might, for all purposes except show, be made of lead. From 170 to 230 weapons out of every 700 examined have turned out to be defective. At a moment of real need they would simply bend or break in the hands of the unlucky man who had to rely on them.

Although it is creditable to the War Office to have confessed so much at length, this is simply a shameful state of things. More ought to be heard of it, and it will be the duty of Parliament and of the press to enforce a strict inquiry into the causes of this failure to supply honest goods, and to insist on a remedy. We shall return to the question in its details and its technical aspect again. For the present it will be enough to point out what this discovery really means. It is significant of far more than of defects in the system of providing white arms for the infantry. The same organization which is employed to arm the line supplies weapons to the other branches and to the navy, and weapons of various kinds. There is, therefore, no injustice in supposing that it is not only the bayonets which are defective. But, as a matter of fact, it is not necessary to argue only from the late inquiry at Aldershot. During the operations in the Soudan, both eastern and western, exactly the same complaints were made in regard to the quality of the cutlasses of the sailors. The system of sword drill taught in the navy is so absurdly bad, that the weapons should be exceptionally good to compensate for it. By the general confession of the Blue-jackets, it appeared that they were as liable to bend or break as the bayonets. The deficiencies are not only found in the white arms. Nobody has forgotten the failure of the Boxer cartridge. Its insufficiency has been universally recognized and amendment has been promised, but in the meantime military men have come forward to point out that

the lock of the Martini-Henry rifle is at least as much to blame as the cartridge. They may be mistaken; but the War Office, which has just been proved guilty of gross neglect in one department, has no right to ask the public to lean towards confidence in its general efficiency. With these discoveries still fresh, it is natural to remember how much has lately been heard of the bursting of guns on board men-of-war. Here, again, it is fair to point out that the system on which arms are supplied to the services is all of a piece. When the bayonets are proved to be bad in about thirty cases out of a hundred, and naval guns are heard of as bursting under no exceptional strain, it is natural to conclude that the same cause may be found for both failures. At Woolwich it is an article of faith that when a gun bursts it is because the seamen gunners (who are among the best trained and most careful men in the world) have been slovenly. The navy is of a different opinion, and does not scruple to declare that not one out of ten of the new pieces of ordnance of the lighter kind supplied to the service has been properly tested. After the inquiry at Aldershot who shall say that the naval officers are certainly in the wrong? From all quarters the same story is heard. The bayonets are certainly bad, the cutlasses no better, the swords of the cavalry have probably only to be tested to prove defective, the new breechloading naval guns fail in too many cases, the cartridges jam, whether by their own fault or that of the lock of the rifles or by both. So many reports of failures, supported by proof in many cases, are enough to condemn the system on which arms of all kinds are supplied to the services, and to show the necessity for a drastic reform. In what way that reform is likely to be resisted may be judged from an astonishing article—not a letter—in the *Standard* of yesterday. The writer here treats as "ignorant criticisms" the remarks made on the recent Aldershot trials, admitting in the very same sentence that the bayonets tested and found wanting were actually in the hands of the troops. If it is ignorance to object to one English soldier out of three being worse than weaponless, let us all be ignorant with heart and soul for the rest of our lives.

THE GORDON BOYS' HOME.

THE writer of some vigorous (almost too vigorous) lines in the *St. James's Gazette* spoke recently of GORDON as "him whom England has forgot." It really looks very much as if he had been forgotten. As a rule, we are apt in our private capacities to subscribe very freely to every cause which touches the popular conscience. We elect governors who are certain to give us many qualms, to shilly and shally, to leave garrisons for whom our honour is pledged to the tender mercies of the Arab spear, and to desert our envoys. Then we subscribe freely to this and that, by way of salving our sense of wrong. Lord BEACONSFIELD well described JOHN BULL as "puzzled, but" still subscribing."

If ever the country had reason to feel pricked to the heart (and, therefore, to buy complacency with subscriptions), it was in the case of General GORDON. He was played like a card in a party game, and in our souls, we all knew it, and, so far as we were silent, became partners in this great betrayal. Therefore, according to precedent, we should have subscribed most freely to any kind of Gordon Memorial. But the opportunity of doing much good in the name of a man so excellent was muddled away. People who, like the Board schoolboy, were "yaller" could not be expected to commemorate a person whose memory was so inconvenient to the Divine Figure from Midlothian. Even people whose money was ready were outworn and perplexed by stupidly managed and clashing schemes for Egyptian hospitals and what not. By the time that it was decided to do what GORDON's own example instructed us to attempt—to start, that is, a Training Camp for boys—the enthusiasm had departed, and the cheques had flown elsewhere.

The Council of the Gordon Boys' Home met at Marlborough House on Tuesday, and had little that was satisfactory to report. There is not money enough, and, without more money, and plenty of it, an institution which might do so much good, which might turn so many probable criminals into honourable citizens, must dwindle and decay. There is absolutely no purpose more excellent in every way, nor more serviceable to the State, than that of the Gordon Home for Boys. There was no ideal more dear to the generous heart of the great man whom we mourn than that

of seeking and saving, for themselves and for England, the excellent human material which wastes in every street. His great energy was devoted, in his hours of leisure, to teaching street boys, feeding them, clothing them, starting them in life, and imbuing them with somewhat of his own heroic spirit. This could well be done on a large scale, and in the name and memory of the man who gave his life a deliberate sacrifice for the honour of England; it can be done if only people will give money. Certainly these are bad times to ask for money. Every one is poorer than he was, and fears to be poorer than he is. The almost reckless generosity of GORDON himself, his indifference and contempt for money, are only possible to men who, like himself, have given no hostages to fortune. But there is still abundance of money to spend at SOTHEY'S or CHRISTIE'S. Any one may maintain a boy for a year, at the Gordon Home, by denying himself a book, or a print, or a very dubious and dusty old Little Master. It is emphatically to the class which can make itself such gifts that we should appeal for this one yearly gift to the country and to the memory of GORDON.

The Report, read by Lord NAPIER of Magdala, showed that more has already been done than seemed probable, or perhaps possible. It has been found out of the question to erect permanent buildings; but the War Office has lent "a temporary home at Fort Wallington." A commandant and a staff officer have been appointed. Fifty boys have been admitted, and are being instructed, disciplined, and generally speaking civilized. These boys are reported to have improved already, and their general conduct is good, though some have kicked against discipline. There seems to have been some thought of changing the name—of dropping the name of GORDON! This would scarcely conciliate party feeling, and it is a most unfortunate fact that to some party men that name is an abomination. *Odisee quem læseris*. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE proposed the expedient of a public dinner, with the usual organization, which will "do more good than by advertising." Let us hope so; but it would be better to give up the whole project than to sever it from the memory of GORDON—that would be a double betrayal.

CAPE COLONY.

A CORRESPONDENT from Cape Town has furnished to the *Times* an interesting and instructive account of the condition and prospects of the colony. In South Africa, as in many other countries, legislative errors and defective administration constitute a reserve of prosperity on which the community could draw at pleasure by a simple process of supplying political and economic deficiencies. The process appears to have begun, and, if external peace can be maintained, and domestic dissensions appeased or prevented, there seems to be no reason why the colony should not acquire a large increase of wealth and population. It is impossible to reckon with confidence on the termination of the Border wars, which have so often recurred; but the most serious dangers which are to be apprehended are the possible results of the feud which has followed from the disastrous capitulation of Majuba. That extraordinary transaction has impressed the Boers with a belief of their military superiority not only to the colony, but to the Empire, and circumstances may easily recur in which the delusion will only yield to another struggle, followed by a less imbecile conclusion. There is nothing worse than annoyance to be feared from the petty South African Republic; but the division of races extends over the Cape Colony itself. The so-called Afrikaner party claim a supremacy which will never be accorded by their fellow-colonists; and, though the English are in a minority, their numbers are sufficient to secure them against oppression. The population of English blood is about 140,000; and the so-called Boers, of which one-half are descended from French Huguenots, number 175,000. The native population approaches a million. As the Dutch and English are intermixed with one another in all parts of the colony, there is fortunately no risk of a territorial war. The greater part of the land is occupied by Boer owners; while industrial and commercial pursuits are almost exclusively followed by the English.

As the supposed enemies of England, and as the agents and favoured allies of Mr. GLADSTONE, the Boers have for the last few years enjoyed the sympathy and patronage of Radical politicians. Their popularity with the party would perhaps be abated if their agrarian peculiarities were more

generally known. Though a great part of 200,000 square miles forming the area of the colony is owned by settlers, it appears that only 850 miles are in a state of cultivation. The portion of the remainder which is in private hands is divided into farms or estates of 6,000 acres, occupied each by a Boer and his family, with their native servants. The advocates of small freeholds and of cottage allotments would scarcely be reconciled to such a distribution of the soil by the fact that the ordinary Boer has rustic tastes and manners, and that he has no love for the English Government. On his vast domain he feeds scanty flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, abstaining from active attention to his business, and contenting himself with rude plenty and with absolute freedom from external interference. There is something patriarchal and picturesque in the Boer scheme of life; but it involves the inconvenience of requiring that the land should remain in its desert condition. The Dutch farmers are already threatened with a sweeping change of their circumstances and habits. The greater part of their possessions is loaded with mortgages; and sooner or later their creditors will assert their legal title to the land. The alternative of total eviction will be either a cession of parts of the property or an improvement in cultivation. The soil and climate are for the most part well suited to agriculture, and elsewhere pastoral occupation might be rendered profitable by the exercise of skill and industry. At present South African wool finds no sale in foreign markets, because no sufficient pains are taken to improve its quality; and most of the grain consumed in the country is imported. Cape wine, which formerly possessed an evil reputation when it was imported under a protective duty, is now probably used only for mixture with other wines of poor quality. Competent judges think that, with proper skill and care, a much better wine might be produced. The subdivision of the Dutch settlements will cause much vexation to the owners, and it may perhaps excite a certain sympathy in the minds of impartial observers who have no passion for uniformity; but there can be no doubt that it is indispensable to the prosperity of the country; and it will be effected through economical causes by legal means.

Some of the resources of South Africa have been created or discovered in recent times, probably by means of English enterprise. The Angora goat is kept for the purpose of supplying mohair, and ostrich-farming has been found so productive that the price of feathers has been largely reduced. The annual produce of the diamond mines is estimated at 3,000,000*l.*; and there is so far no symptom of an early exhaustion of the supplies. The large production of the diamond fields has already reduced the price; and it would seem probable that cheapness will tend to propagate itself by affecting a taste which might be thought abnormal if it had not survived successive stages of civilization and innumerable changes of fashion. A great advantage which has resulted from the diamond industry is that large numbers of natives have been taught to work for wages. The *Times*' Correspondent justly holds that no other change of habits tends so directly to promote civilization. The production of ostrich feathers and of mohair indicates a growing spirit of industrial enterprise; and it is hoped that an additional source of wealth may be found in the mines. Copper and other metals are in some parts of the colony abundant, and there are large deposits of coal of good quality. The advance of the country in wealth and in commercial activity will inevitably tend to an alteration of the relative numbers of the rival races. It might have been supposed that Dutch settlers and Huguenots from France would have excelled almost all competitors in manufacturing skill and in commercial activity; but the attractions of an independent rural life have thus far prevailed over industrial interests, while English adventurers in South Africa, as elsewhere, are indefatigable in the pursuit of gain. When both classes prosper Mr. GLADSTONE ought in consistency to disapprove of the "leisured rich," as he might call the stagnant Boer farmers in comparison with the "occupied rich" of the diamond-fields.

Although the whole European population of South Africa is only equal to that of a large provincial town in England, it is both natural and right to take the extent of territory into consideration as well as the number of inhabitants. It may, indeed, appear surprising that the squabbles of a few hundreds of thousands of distant settlers should be seriously regarded by Imperial statesmen; but colonies are, in spite of perverse tariffs, always valuable customers; and, if native alarms and Dutch and English jealousies gradually disappear, the vast sums which have been expended in South

African diplomacy and war may eventually produce a return. Although it is too probable that the Imperial Government may again be involved in petty wars waged for colonial objects, there is some reason to hope that the danger is diminished. Zululand and Bechuanaland have had no recent newspaper history, and perhaps the Boers of the South African Republic may be inclined to avoid collisions with English authorities. The vigorous proceedings of Sir CHARLES WARREN's expedition have done something to efface the evil memory of Majuba. The border freebooters have been convinced, though not a drop of blood was shed, that the English Government has a long arm, and that its forces are not to be despised. The native chiefs who had claimed English protection are on their side once more convinced that a treaty with the English Government is a valid security. Even the unfortunate collisions between Sir C. WARREN and the High Commissioner have not rendered the expedition useless. It will probably be found expedient to detach the functions of High Commissioner from the office of Governor of the Cape. Sir HERCULES ROBINSON cannot but be embarrassed by the necessity of consulting on colonial questions Ministers who have nothing to do with the powers which he exercises outside the colony.

Even if public opinion were more tolerant than at present of projects for the separation of colonies, there could be no serious question of abandoning the Cape and the adjacent provinces. Some theorists, indeed, have from time to time proposed that the capital with its port and defences should be held as a military and naval station, while the colony should be left in total independence; but the suggestion is too shallow to be even moderately plausible. As long as the South African colonies are a part of the English Empire, Cape Town and the neighbouring district necessarily belong to the supreme Government. An isolated fortress and harbour would be described by enemies as a permanent usurpation; and it is not improbable that the former colonists would claim the place as a part of their dominion. Recent events have shown the possibility of exclusion in time of war from the Suez Canal, and a port and coal depôt on the longer route to India would be indispensable to England. It would not be desirable to have a Southern Gibraltar to defend instead of an undisputed possession which might at any time be strengthened in time of need. The neighbourhood and rivalry of great European Powers in South Africa is one of the latest risks which have been disclosed.

IRELAND.

THE impending resignation of Lord CARNARVON will cause more regret than surprise, and it may be doubted whether, except as emphasizing the failure of an experiment in administrative policy, it ought even to cause regret. So far as the retiring VICEROY is himself concerned, it seems to us to be a matter of pure congratulation. The practice of "using up" our statesmen, like so many French Ministers, by setting them impossible tasks is not to be commended, and we should have been sorry to see it exemplified, as it most assuredly would have been had his tenure of power been prolonged, in the person of Lord CARNARVON. As matters stand, he will quit his post while his popularity in Ireland is still undiminished, and after a term of office too brief to warrant any one in reckoning his abortive administration to the discredit of his political record. He will, moreover, retire in circumstances calculated to reduce his personal responsibility for the existing state of Ireland to a minimum. Events have proved to demonstration what we ourselves have never for a moment doubted, that the attempt to govern demoralized Ireland by the ordinary law was foredoomed to failure. They have, at the same time, completely justified the general belief that no better agent of the policy upon which the Government had decided could have been chosen than the present LORD-LIEUTENANT. He has added personal to political conciliation in a degree which few living politicians could have equalled and none surpassed; and has thus contributed by his very gifts to the more complete establishment of the fact that what Ireland requires in her present condition is to be handled, not with, but without, the velvet glove. That the experiment of the "conciliatory policy" has had a mischievous effect—in the sense in which any inappropriate treatment which allows a malady to increase in inveteracy is mischievous—can hardly, we fear, be denied; that it has added any new element of mischief to the existing ones

is fortunately less certain. And, in any case, there is one pretty obvious source of comfort in the reflection that, whatever might have been the state of Ireland during the autumn of last year, the effect of the elections and of the Gladstonian manœuvre which they have suggested would in any case have sufficed to account for the worst phenomena which are now presenting themselves among the Irish people. If before November last there were any considerable number of tenants meditating a return to the path of honesty and the observance of contracts, they must be men of almost superhuman strength of principle, if the fact of the return of eighty-six Parnellites to Parliament, and the belief that Mr. GLADSTONE is preparing for an alliance with them, did not suffice to convince these waverers that they had better not be in too great a hurry to pay their rents or to come to terms of any kind with their landlords.

We do not wish to overstate the case on this point, and we are quite willing to admit that other causes are still, as for months past they have been, at work to maintain that complete and general defiance of the law which now prevails in Ireland. Boycotting has gained and is still gaining ground in the country; and, though justice has in some few instances succeeded in reaching the boycotters, there is no ground for believing that, however energetically administered, it is any match for the practice. All reports from Ireland concur in representing the dominion of the National League as absolute over the will and action of the people; but, on the other hand, there has been a distinct accumulation of testimony to the growth of discontent among those who once were more willing instruments of the organization. Such letters as that addressed to the *Times* the other day by an "Irish Farmer"—the representative character of which has been attested by more than one well-informed witness—affords striking proof of the existence of this dissatisfaction. It is idle, however, to expect that any use can be made of it as an influence on the side of order so long as the present uncertainty as to the course of events in the English Parliament continues. Ireland might be full of such "Irish Farmers" as the correspondent of the *Times*—men as anxious about their own interests, as distrustful of the patronage, and as restive under the tyranny of the National League as he—and it would nevertheless be impossible for them, until the Parliamentary situation in England shall have cleared itself, to throw off their allegiance to their Parnellite masters. It would not be business-like to break just at present with a party which, in the event of obtaining Home Rule, promises them the fee-simple of their holdings for a mere trifle; and it would certainly not be safe for them to throw in their lot with what for all they know may be the losing side, and thus to expose themselves to the vengeance of the victors. As regards this last danger, the record of English Governments is, unhappily, of no reassuring kind; and it is only the Ulster "friendlies" who can venture to boast that in the event of desertion their hands will keep their heads. Any tenant-farmer of one of the three Southern provinces, who should be known as a friend of the British Government, would have a bad time of it among the Nationalists if the ally in whom he had trusted were to hand him over to their uncovenanted mercies. The condition of Ireland, in fact, has almost ceased to depend upon administration; it has become a matter almost entirely dependent upon policy; and we shall stand no chance of rallying the scattered forces of loyalty in the country, until the Liberal party in England have re-established the belief which Mr. GLADSTONE's proceedings have so rudely shaken, that they are loyal to the Empire themselves.

Meanwhile it is a source of mild satisfaction to find that even among literary politicians of the school which has always shown itself most indulgent to Irish claims of all kinds, there is apparently no inclination to support Mr. JOHN MORLEY's counsels of despair. The letter from Mr. LECKY which the *Times* published a day or two back may scarcely have deserved to create the "profound impression" which we are bidden to ascribe to it—being, indeed, for the most part a repetition of truths very familiar for many months past to all who have not wilfully closed their eyes to them; but it is to be welcomed as a deliverance calculated to impress some of those curious but numerous people among us who only begin to believe in the necessity for vindicating the law when they are assured of it by a "friend of liberty." Mr. LECKY's are not remarkable counsels; but, coming from Mr. LECKY, they will doubtless influence plenty of persons who would be quite impenetrable to them as coming, say, from Mr. FROUDE. It is true that Mr.

LECKY has, as it were, to throw a sop to sentiment at the close of his letter by pleading for the early "creation of a new social type in the place of that which 'has been destroyed' by 'buying out the landlords at a 'reasonable rate.' But that, of course, is 'common form' in any observations on Ireland from a politician of Mr. LECKY's school. We need not for the present trouble ourselves with the question whether "a Celtic proprietary established on reasonable terms would or would not 'give some security to property, create a class with some 'real conservative instincts,' &c. &c. At present we have to deal with the existing proprietary, and to protect them against being—not 'bought out at a reasonable rate,' but starved and terrorized out by a League banded together to strip them of their property. At present there is less urgent need to consider the possibility of creating a new social type than to prevent the revival of a pre-social type—in the form of the freebooter; and in the meantime the landlords have not, as Mr. LECKY's words would seem to imply, been physically destroyed just yet. They still exist as individuals, if not as a social type and as struggling feebly to exercise the remnant of the rights which have been left to them by legislation of which, we presume, Mr. LECKY approves. In what circumstances of difficulty, and under what menaces of violence, they will have to make this attempt projectors of social "reconstruction" in Ireland may see for themselves from the columns of Mr. PARNELL's organ in the Irish press. The truculent warnings which *United Ireland* has been giving to the Government against any attempt to enforce the law against those who are fraudulently retaining the property of other people show at once the necessity and the difficulty of that measure which Mr. LECKY rightly says should precede any extension of local government or what not else of the same sort—the restoration, namely, of that "first and most fundamental condition of liberty, a 'state of society in which men may pursue their lawful 'business and fulfil their lawful contracts without danger 'or molestation.'"

BETWEEN SNOW AND THAW.

THE good that comes to all who wait, including Vestries and other local authorities, has come in the shape of a thaw and relieved our snow-bound streets. The change of temperature is welcome, but more welcome would have been another storm, even though it piled Pelion upon Ossa. The lesson has been but half learned and will soon be forgotten. It is a bad sign that dilatory authorities have already found panegyrist—among themselves. In the dismal days between storm and thaw the City Streets Committee met in shivering conclave and were comfortably warmed by the statistics of their chairman. The 2,000 extra labourers, the 6,000 cartloads of snow, and other items evoked great enthusiasm. Imposing as these figures may seem, they quite failed to impress unfortunate citizens who, for three days after the storm, were compelled to scale the glaciers of Ludgate Hill and Cannon Street, or dare the worse horrors of byways. Mr. ALTMAN's statistics may appear strong, but they have little meaning for passengers in the streets. Of a like nature is the extraordinary letter in a contemporary signed "Surveyor." He affirms of his own district that "60,000 cubic yards of snow fell in 'the streets.' There is something crushing in this; it sounds like a fall of good solid paving-stones. Yet, if the figures had been multiplied by ten, they could not excite the incredulity of any one who witnessed the disgraceful condition of the streets. The author of this very consolatory calculation is pleased to be unseasonably facetious. He advises the hanging of his brother-surveyors, or the erection of a big umbrella of ultra-Gladstonian latitude to cover all London, or the burning of every other house to thaw the snow. The first of these propositions is alone worthy of notice. All ratepayers who have read his letter will be unanimous in thinking he should begin with himself. What right has he to make so much of his miserable 60,000 cubic yards of snow, and to complain of the conscientious ratepayer who disburdens the footway to the detriment of "Surveyor's" gutters? The road is his special care all the year round; the path—only in snow-time—is the pride of the householder. Is the latter to respect the gutter, and convey his sweepings to the centre of the road, or the area of his basement, or the back-garden? This seems to be the view of "Surveyor," who looks on the action of the householder as a *casus belli*, though there is no analogy between it and the

case cited by DE QUINCEY of the man who shot his garden refuse over his neighbour's wall. He should complain of the absurd police regulation, and not gird at householders for obeying it. Where, it may be asked, is the contractor? It is all very well to say of snow that it is not in the bond; for it should be there, and Vestries should see to it. The members of the Shoreditch Vestry, by the way, have seen to it. They have done the next best thing to hanging surveyors—they have fined their contractors. We sincerely trust that other local bodies will derive courage from this precedent, and that all penalties will be rigorously enforced. As for "Surveyor," he confesses he can expend whatever money he pleases, though with all his means, his staff, his snow-plough, and the great "unemployed" whose services he can command, he writes himself down incompetent. He even thinks it hard that some one in the very height of the storm should complain of a neglected dustbin, as if the coming of snow absolved him and his Vestry of the ordinary duties of office.

A city of the wealth and magnitude of London should not be in the position to look abroad for exemplars, though the celerity with which the main streets of Vienna were cleared in a recent snowstorm is something of a lesson. There is no doubt that the question of cleansing London of a snowfall like that of last week becomes more pressing with each visitation. The first need is concerted action, and promptitude is the first virtue. If the work had been begun last Wednesday week at noon, when the snow was abating and lay unfrozen, the majority of the streets might well have been cleared by nightfall. To wait until night brings frost is to wait for the next thaw. If the primitive plough with its team of horses is ineffectual, as seems to be the case, there should be no obstacle to employing steam as the motive power. The money wasted at present in half-hearted efforts would probably suffice, if intelligently applied, to perform the necessary work thoroughly and with despatch. If more money were called for, more would be forthcoming; for it is no figure of speech to say that all classes of ratepayers groan under the tyranny experienced last week. The sufferings of pedestrians; the loss to cab proprietors and drivers, to omnibus and tramcar Companies; the shocking scenes the streets present of wretched overloaded horses, ill-shod and ill-harnessed; are all preventible by the exercise of no extraordinary foresight and the wise expenditure of money.

SIR ANDREW AND THE FLOWER-GIRLS.

SIR ANDREW LUSK, having sat in Parliament for many years without distinction, has suddenly achieved fame. The Aldermen of the City of London have in times past won triumphs over kings and Governments. The present LORD MAYOR has gained a still more difficult victory over the French language, and must have contemplated with envious jealousy the fortune of his predecessor, who had the privilege of entertaining Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT. We resist the temptation to enlarge upon the conflict between the House of Commons and that remarkable Alderman, JOHN WILKES, of whom Dr. JOHNSON in a relenting mood said, "JACK, sir, is a scholar, and JACK is a gentleman," or words to that effect. Sir ANDREW LUSK is very unlike JACK WILKES. He has successfully routed three poor flower-girls, and driven them from the dock with great slaughter at the point of the innuendo. Sir ANDREW is perhaps finding out now that this mode of warfare has its dangers. "Sir Andrew well knows that his innuendos will serve him 'no longer in verse or in prose.'" We should like to add, with all respect for the memory of Lord MANSFIELD, that "twelve honest men have determined the cause who are 'judges alike of the facts and the laws.'" But unhappily flower-girls are not usually in a position to bring actions of slander, and even if special damage were proved, Sir ANDREW LUSK might claim the privilege of the Bench. There is surely one person to whom Sir ANDREW LUSK's judicial demeanour must give unqualified delight, and that is Mr. JOSEPH FIRTH BOTTOMLEY FIRTH. Several Aldermen shared Mr. FIRTH's rejection at the hands of ungrateful constituencies; but none have done so much to realize his fancy picture of the Corporation as Sir ANDREW LUSK. The flower-girls were for the moment dumb. They were dazzled with excess of light. The illumination of Sir ANDREW's scathing irony blinded them to the fact that they were not exactly obtaining that fair trial which even flower-girls know to be the first principle of English law. For,

after all, what these girls said was that they had not caused an obstruction in the streets; and the circumstance of their "talking fast" was not very much to the point. A great many people talk fast in courts of law; and it may be said that no one who has not heard Mr. WILLIS, Q.C., address a jury of his countrymen knows what talking fast means. Sir ANDREW noticed the rapidity of the girls' utterance, and felt it his duty to comment upon the peculiarity. But he is not a man to be deceived by appearances. "You talk fast," he said. "I do not know whether you are fast." Verbal fallacies cannot confuse the acute intellect of Sir ANDREW LUSK. He is nothing if not logical, except delicately humorous. These poor flower-girls were probably unacquainted with the badinage of polite society. They could not be expected to know that covert insinuations against feminine character are there regarded as quite in the best style. Of course they know it now. They have been brought into contact with a real gentleman, and not only a gentleman, but a knight. It was always part of a knight's functions to bully helpless women, and Sir ANDREW does the business in a most superior way. Neither Billingsgate nor bargeedom could supply a better specimen of chivalry. But we must not, in our praise of Sir ANDREW's knightly qualities, lose sight of his sparkling wit. In this respect he may be compared with another Sir ANDREW, the chosen companion of Sir TOBY BELCH. Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, however, was a great eater of beef, and beef, according to his own account, did harm to his wit, so that at times he had no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man, or, as we might say nowadays, an Irish member. Turtle is well known to have an opposite tendency, and Sir ANDREW the Younger is quite right to exhibit his powers. Is it a world to hide virtues in?

Sir ANDREW the Second is justly indignant with a licentious Press which has made the monstrous assertion that he fined three flower-girls two shillings each for selling flowers in Cheapside. Fined them? Not he. The six shillings were not fines. They were the costs of the summonses. This must be infinitely consoling to the flower-girls. A fine might have wounded their dignity. But a slight contribution to the expenses of administering justice as it appears to be administered in the City Police Summons Court they must have been only too glad to pay. Unfortunately they had not the money, in spite of the roaring trade which they were said to have been driving, to the serious detriment of traffic in a great commercial centre. Even for this contingency due preparation was made in the shape of three days' imprisonment, a sentence which, we are glad to learn, was not actually carried out. They were further warned, in Sir ANDREW's pleasant, genial way, that next time the fine would be increased. How can a non-existent fine be increased? Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK has cast his eagle eye over the iniquities of this great city, and has determined that the social evil which calls most loudly for suppression is the crime of selling flowers. "Thy exquisite 'reason, dear knight?'" That secret remains locked in the knightly and aldermanic breast. Perhaps some brazen hussy has offered Sir ANDREW a merely natural flower, when he was meditating on the far choicer flowers of his own rhetoric. "I suppose you think you make a nice cluster," said the "worthy" Alderman when the Chief Inspector of Police complained that these three criminals were not only selling flowers, but selling them together. If a Chief Inspector is engaged in detecting offences of this sort, one would like to know what mere Inspectors are doing, to say nothing of sergeants and constables. One begins to understand why the perpetrator of a recent murder in the City has not been discovered. Sir ANDREW complains of "misrepresentation." He has not, however, denied that he used the words which we have quoted from the reports. Another Alderman, of a less witty turn (and it is something to be thankful for that all Aldermen are not as witty as Sir ANDREW LUSK), has since told another flower-girl that she must "obey the police." This is a novel doctrine, which will probably convey some information to HER MAJESTY'S judges. Englishmen are accustomed to be told that they must obey the law. Obedience to the police is a duty conditional on the hypothesis that the police are themselves acting in pursuance of the law. Is it really a crime to sell a flower without the leave of a constable? If so, let us at once import the constitutional freedom of Russia.

UPPER SCHOOL AND WESTON'S YARD.

THE Governing Body of Eton, whatever may be its other characteristics, is gifted with the quality of taciturnity. Appealed to, it makes no sign. Attacked, it kisses the rod. Remonstrated with, it does not even remonstrate with the remonstrants. There is a danger lest this abstinence from speech should be misunderstood to indicate wisdom. The familiar proverb about the metallic relations of speech and silence is for intelligent people only. "The noblest answer unto" some is, no doubt, "perfect stillness when they brawl." But there are other some who can scarcely be treated in this way. When Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GLADSTONE combine to protest against the destruction of historic buildings in the famous school where they were both brought up, it might perhaps be expected that even so great a man as Dr. HORNBY would vouchsafe to make them a reply. The fact that Dr. HORNBY says nothing will, we fear, be held by some profane persons to mean that he has nothing to say. Argument has been exhausted in exposing the folly of disfiguring the very centre of Eton, of taking from the walls which are dear to so many thousands of Englishmen the character that their present combination alone can give, in order that the Head-Master may indulge himself in the perilous amusement of making speeches to all the boys at once. There is no response forthcoming, except from Sir EDMUND BECKETT; and, when Sir EDMUND BECKETT takes up the strongest cause, its champions quake, and are as dead men. The petition which was appropriately headed by the signature of the PRIME MINISTER, and which set forth in a very temperate form some of the objections to letting the modern architect loose upon Eton, has not been answered in any way. The signatories, among whom were the aged Bishop of CHICHESTER and the youthful SECRETARY of STATE for INDIA, represented Eton men in all walks of life. Mr. GLADSTONE put his name to another document which specifically asked for information. No information has been afforded. All we can gather from the discussion of this question is that the present custodians of Eton and its architectural treasures care for nothing about them except the number of cubic feet which they contain, and their proximity to the latest monstrosities in the way of Masters' houses. One theory has indeed been started, to which we can hardly without further testimony assent. It is that the Governing Body is jealous of Barne's Pool Bridge. Over Barne's Pool there used to be a modest, useful, simply picturesque structure, which served, in defiance of Dr. WHEWELL's famous axiom, both as a place of transit and a place of lounge. It is gone. Instead of it, there is a hideous erection of painted iron, which has every quality that a bridge should not have, considered merely from the utilitarian point of view, and is moreover abominable to the eye. For the benefit of readers who have never been at Eton, we may say that it bears the same sort of resemblance to its predecessor as the new fountain in the Temple bears to the old. The hypothesis that the Governing Body is consumed with jealousy of the town for having made this improvement, and desires to show that there is no Vandal like the Academic Vandal, we dismiss with all the contempt it deserves.

Our excuse for even alluding to it must be that all human actions require a motive. It has been shown that there is plenty of room for building a new school and a new chapel, if a new chapel were wanted, without pulling down old houses. At least it has been stated and explained, while no refutation of the statement has been produced. The Governing Body has been reminded, or possibly informed, that the Head-Master's house once contained SAVILE's printing-press; that it and the two adjoining houses are excellent specimens of brickwork, dating from about 1600, 1700, and 1800 respectively; that to remove them would be to destroy the character of Weston's Yard. It has been told that the associations of Upper School are very highly valued, and that any alteration in the purpose to which it was put would be regarded with deep regret. The school library, which it is proposed to destroy, is not only connected with the memory of an even greater Provost than Dr. HORNBY, and an even greater Head-Master than Dr. WARRE, but is an exceedingly comfortable room, exactly suited for its purpose, and remembered with gratitude by many who were infected in early life with the vice of miscellaneous reading. This room, with its well-known tower, is to be sacrificed, so far as we can understand, to providing a larger bedchamber for the College matron. That the College matron should, unlike Uncle Toby, as pictured in Mr. SHANDY's imagination,

be able to lie in bed diagonally is, no doubt, much to be desired. But perhaps the object might be obtained at a smaller cost. The Governing Body meets, we are informed, early next month to decide whether, so far as it has the power, it will spoil the appearance of Eton or not. Its Building Committee has reported in favour of sacrificing the library and, at least, two of the three houses opposite. It is to be hoped that the non-resident members of the Body will be influenced by the weighty expression of Eton opinion, and will, if necessary, overrule their colleagues. As for the Provost and Mr. CARTER, the Bursar, who are equally well paid whether they preserve or destroy, their feelings towards Eton appear to be those of a little boy who was recently taken to see *Hamlet*. "It was very jolly," he said, "and the poetry 'didn't matter a bit.'" We trust that, if a brick in these buildings is touched, it may be made to matter more than a "bit" to Dr. HORNBY and Mr. CARTER. Neither of them is quite indispensable at Eton, whereas the buildings are.

REFORM OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

ADMIRAL AUBE, the new French Minister of Marine, is one of the less obscure and untried of the obscure and untried politicians who have undertaken to help M. DE FREYCINET to make a Cabinet. He has not, indeed, held office of a political kind, but he is a naval officer of standing, and he has a reputation. He is known to be in favour of new ideas, or what are called by that name, for some of them are old enough. The reform of the French navy is to be the work of his term of office. As yet there has been no official statement of what this reform is to amount to. If every promise is to be believed, it will not do much, though it may change a good deal, for the Admiral is to cut down the Budget. Now, if experience shows anything, it is that reforms of a navy which entail a vast outlay for reconstruction are never effected by reducing expenditure. Nevertheless, if M. GABRIEL CHARMES, who has a scheme of reformation, and no mild one, and is dedicating a big book on the subject to the Admiral, represents his ideas, it must be confessed that a plan of reform may be found consistent with economy after a fashion.

M. CHARMES's preface, which has been printed after the French fashion in advance of his book, is instructive and withal agreeable reading. It is well written, and it makes some statements which English critics of our own navy may study with profit. We are very much and rather fatuously in the habit of giving credit to foreigners for all the virtues supposed to be totally wanting to our own naval administration. Their reports are accepted as rigidly accurate, and when they say they are going to do this, that, or the other, it is at once concluded that they will do it. M. GABRIEL CHARMES, however, maintains that this is not the case with the French, which—so he says—is given up to nepotism, favouritism, and mismanagement. We know of nothing in the recent history of French administration to make this unlikely, and though it surprises M. CHARMES to see such things in a democratized country, we are not astounded at it by any means. But the importance of his preface is not due to anything he has to say on the subject of administration, but on the ideas he advances as to what ought to be the type of war-ship built in the future. As he has studied under Admiral AUBE himself, who is, it seems, the hope of the rising generation of French naval officers, his theories may be received as being partly at least those of the new MINISTER of MARINE. They are, therefore, likely to be at least partially carried out. Admiral AUBE, like other politicians, may fail to apply in office all the principles he supported when in a position of more freedom, but naval officers with a theory are, as a rule, obstinate. It is all the more probable that the Admiral will try to please the rising school of officers, that the shipbuilding policy he is known to recommend can be carried out in spite of a reduction in the Budget. It is, in fact, the policy of building torpedo-boats. M. CHARMES, who is in some sort his mouthpiece in this case, though the Admiral can write vigorously enough for himself on occasion, is known to be an enthusiast for this class of vessel, and for other novelties. His scheme of naval reform contains two main articles. He wishes to form the fleet largely of torpedo-boats and to specialize war-ships generally. M. CHARMES finds that war-ships are like the Delphian knife, which, as ARISTOTLE observes, is not at all like a work of nature, for it is meant to serve several purposes, and so is not specially fit for any. He wants to give every instrument its highest possible degree of

finish. Some years ago, when the public was in one of its periodical fits of ill-temper with the police, somebody declared that the ideal constable should combine strength, speed, and intelligence. Hereupon M. DU MAURIER suggested that it would be a novel thing to have three policemen chosen respectively for size, fleetness of foot, and smartness, and he drew a design to show how they could hunt down the burglar. M. G. CHARMES would apply the same idea, which, he says, has been carried out in industry and in armies. His scheme has the neat look familiar in the schemes of Frenchmen; but he rather overlooks one possible contingency. It is that the burglar—to use the same illustration—will hardly stand to be attacked by all three policemen at once. The light of nature will teach him to use the classic stratagem of HORATIUS, and if he is a better runner than the strong man, and a harder hitter than the fleet man, he will draw this latter from his supports and then break his head. On the whole it is better to have one constable who possesses all three qualities in reasonable proportion. If ships are to be built on M. CHARMES's principles they will be next to useless unless they can find the conditions to fit their qualities, and that is a thing not to be calculated on in war. On the subject of torpedos M. CHARMES makes all the statements we are already so perfectly familiar with on this side of the water. He talks about the success of the torpedo-boats already built, and (what is indeed new to us) about the brilliant feat of arms at Foo Chow. The success of the torpedo-boats amounts to this—that they have manœuvred very prettily in harbours, and have made a few cruises in summer without going to the bottom. As for the business at Foo Chow, it proves that, if you enter a harbour in time of peace and anchor behind the forts; if your enemy is ill armed, cannot use the arms he has, and is badly led, you can attack him with little risk to yourself. It did not require a brilliant feat of arms to prove that, and the value of the torpedo is no clearer after it than before. Incidentally M. CHARMES lays down the law that naval warfare should consist in attacks on merchant-ships and the destruction of unfortified coast towns. That is a dangerous game; for it is found to mean the giving of little quarter. We hope that the rising school of French naval officers, Admiral AUBE and M. CHARMES, may have their way. They would among them reduce France to being content with the mere privateering war at sea, which it has tried before, with the uniform result of defeat.

THE BRAWLING VERGER.

COMPLAINTS of official incivility are almost always exaggerated, and especially those which find their way into print. The fact is, people are naturally averse to the trouble of making complaints, and are only induced to do so by the pressure of an unusual amount of annoyance and irritation. Excitement naturally leads to exaggeration. Yet it is scarcely possible to read some letters which have appeared in the columns of the *Standard* during the past few days without feeling that, after allowing largely for excitement, irritation, and annoyance, the complaints against the vergers of Westminster Abbey are but too well founded. They interrupt that part of the service which is known as the Voluntary by insisting on the immediate departure of the congregation. This is not, as the writers seem to imagine, a new thing. It is more than thirty, for aught we know more than three hundred, years old. The comparison which some of the writers make between the rule of the present DEAN and that of his predecessor is not to be sustained. Even in Dean STANLEY's days similar letters were written and similar grievances exposed. A short-lived improvement always followed; but the moment the pressure from above was relaxed things went on as before. This is the case in many other places, and in some of them no improvement is ever made, even for a time. Most of us have had to grumble at the insolence of the servants of a leading art exhibition; and a little experience shows us that the fault may almost always be traced to the one individual, whoever it may be, who is for the time the virtual head of the institution, whether museum, or exhibition, or church. At the largest of all these places the change in the demeanour of the servants was almost sudden when one head was substituted for another a few years ago. The self-same attendants who had been noted for their incivility became as remarkable for politeness. At the only City church which rivals the Abbey in size and

interest complaints have long been very rare. People of the class from whom sacristans and vergers and museum attendants are recruited are peculiarly liable to the failings of the jack-in-office. They must be intelligent and educated above the level of their own social rank. At the same time, they want the social training which teaches self-restraint. They require a strong hand over them, and must be constantly kept in their place. None of the correspondents who have written on the subject seem to have noticed the unseemliness of the behaviour of the vergers in a place of worship, and when the sacred services were not quite concluded. They have written rather as if the Abbey was a place of public amusement. Yet it might be a question whether a verger who climbed over a pew and shouted "All over! Fini! Fini! that way out!" while the organ was still being played should not have been given in charge to a policeman for brawling during divine service. But, short of trying such experiments, the only hope seems to lie in calling as much public attention as possible to a matter which is of more importance than might at first sight appear.

THE OUTBREAK AT CARTHAGENA.

SPAIN has such an evil reputation for alacrity in sinking into anarchy that it is only natural for foreigners to look upon this last riot at Carthagená as the possible beginning of another period of civil war. So many revolutions have started in precisely the same way. A country, too, in which a second attempt can be made within a few months to seize a great arsenal would seem to be in a lamentable state of insecurity. If the things of Spain were to be judged as those of other countries are, the very insignificance of the force used in these enterprises would be a dangerous sign. No human being in his senses north of the Pyrenees would think of attacking a powerfully fortified garrison town with forty men unless he were perfectly sure of receiving assistance. Yet this is what has been done at Carthagená on two occasions within six months, for neither party of rioters met with the least support. The first was stopped by the resolution of a sentry, and the second has been crushed with the greatest ease, though not without loss to the Government. The insurgents may have believed—indeed must have believed—that they would get help; but their confidence was plainly based on very little, and their leaders had manifestly succeeded in doing nothing to prepare a general revolt. It is this contrast between the audacity of the attempt and the extreme feebleness of the means which makes these outbreaks interesting. The average sane European cannot understand how men can be found mad enough to attempt such things in the mere spirit of a gambler.

Yet Spain being Spain and Carthagená Carthagená, these events are by no means mysterious. So many obscure men have made revolutions, so many riots in a barrack-yard have upset so many Governments, and the mass of Spaniards have looked on so indifferently that every stirring fellow who is prepared to run a reasonable risk of being shot is tempted to try whether he also cannot make a *pronunciamiento*. Then Carthagená is a very prominent field for such enterprises. It contains a great convict prison full of ruffians who have everything to gain by disorder. Any adventurer who can seize a small fort, and get possession of the prison door for half an hour, is sure of finding a little army ready made to his hands. Within the last ten years the town has been in possession of this scum, and they, at least, regret that happy time. With these considerations to encourage them, adventurers egged on by RUIZ ZORRILLA and speculators for a fall, or even without such encouragement, not unnaturally try their luck at Carthagená. The risk is not so great as it would appear to be to foreigners, who think that the summary methods of NARVAEZ are still in use among Spanish politicians. In point of fact, insurrection has been a safer venture in Spain than in any other country in the world for many a day. PRIM, indeed, stopped a Carlist revolt and the Republican anarchy for two years by shooting every man who moved and many who only showed an inclination to move. But PRIM was the last of the Spaniards of the old stamp. Since his time insurrection has been as nearly as may be safe. As long as that continues to be the case a very moderate sum of pesetas judiciously outlaid will be enough to organize the beginning of a revolt. Whether these movements are ever to come to anything is, however, quite another matter. That will be decided by the loyalty of the generals

in command and by the feeling of the troops. There is at present no sign that the officers at the head of the army are disposed to betray their trust; and, happily, there is no military man of great popularity. As long as the commanders of corps and governors of garrison towns do their duty as General FAJARDO has done there is comparatively little danger that any such movement will spread. How far the troops are to be depended on is always a doubtful question. They are much under the influence of the sergeants, who are notoriously the least trustworthy part of the Spanish army. The system of promoting men to commissions from this rank, and the difficulty of advancing any considerable number in ordinary times, keeps sergeants always more or less discontented, and they have in every case been the most useful tools of intriguing generals. They would be so again. Non-commissioned officers have been found among the ring-leaders of all the late outbreaks from the rising at Badajoz downwards. By themselves, however, they will not be able to effect more than an occasional mutiny on a small scale. It is for the Spaniards to decide whether these are to go on. Adventurers and roughs would be much less disposed to disturb the peace if they were once well assured that death would be the penalty of failure to upset the Government. The impunity enjoyed by the members of the band which broke out at Carthage some months ago has unquestionably had much to do with encouraging this second disgraceful and futile riot. The ruffians who did not scruple to fire on General FAJARDO and who then ran when they were seriously attacked deserve no pity.

BURMAH.

IF it is true that one of the new Radical members of Parliament proposes to perform the unprecedented feat of making his maiden speech in the form of an amendment to the Address; and if, further, it is true that he is going to attack the policy of the Burmese war, he will probably regard the recent telegram from Mandalay with mixed feelings of patriotic regret and party satisfaction. In all likelihood we should never have heard of him or his motion—even in prospect—if the Burmese business had been settled with the ease, simplicity, and economy which it at first appeared to promise. Not, of course, that that would have made any difference to the rights or wrongs of the campaign; but it somehow or other seems to make a great difference in the Radical way of regarding military expeditions. The ordinary Radical has a shrewd suspicion that the most impassioned eloquence on the subject of "unjust wars" is less effective with the modern constituency than complaints about "costly wars," to which, of course, is added also the word unnecessary—since the electors will take the last epithet on trust, being, as a rule, utterly incapable of deciding whether any given war is unnecessary or not. There appears now unfortunately to be too much reason to fear that the Radical critic of the Burmese campaign may be supplied with a good deal of the oratorical capital which he requires. The latest accounts from Burmah are not encouraging as to the prospect of an early pacification of the country. The Alompra Pretender, who has been taken, is now being tried on a charge of waging war against the QUEEN, and for murder; but the Dacoits still continue to give trouble, and have rendered it necessary to take more vigorous action against them. On the 9th a force, including artillery, under Colonel GORDON was sent to reinforce the garrison of Tsagain; and, after having landed their guns, three officers returning on foot to the steamer were attacked by mounted Burmans, by whom one of them was killed. On the following day the Tsagain force advanced against the insurgents at Abo and dispersed them with trifling loss on our own side, and, advancing to the principal stronghold of the rebels at Koungmoodaw, found it abandoned. The column under Colonel BAKER has also had a successful skirmish in the jungle at Ondjaw, and, pushing forward, has met with the same experience of deserted posts and villages and of enemies who retire as the British troops advance.

This sort of thing, as has often before been proved, may drag on indefinitely unless the Indian Government determines upon prompt measures to put an end to it. We dwell the other day on the obvious, but nevertheless constantly neglected, truth that it is impossible to deal effectively with such an enemy as opposes us in Burmah without an army numerous enough to supply both columns in the field and garrisons. In default of such a force, the struggle may

drag on for years with an enemy whom it is always easy to beat in actual fighting, but very difficult to rout out of all his places of refuge. The force under General PRENDERGAST appears certainly to be too weak for its work, and as the unhealthy season will soon begin, the Indian Government has no time to lose in sending reinforcements. Application, we see, has already been made to them for three additional squadrons of Madras Cavalry—the particular arm required indicating clearly enough that the weak point of the British force is its insufficient capacity for pursuing and tracking to their hiding-places the dispersed insurgents. It is to be hoped that the application will be speedily responded to, and that the insurrection may be put down before it has time to make serious head. Otherwise we shall find ourselves in for a most tedious, troublesome, and costly business in Burmah.

SAMOA.

IF the world regards the movements of German cruisers with preternatural suspicion it is not wholly without excuse. These active craft have accustomed us to hear of annexations so frequently that really it is becoming a matter of course to be told that the Imperial flag has been hoisted somewhere. Still, it seems, there has been overhaste in judging their doings in the course of this last week. Admiral KNORR has not annexed Samoa, as he was reported to have done. Prince BISMARCK at least says he has not, and so it may be taken for granted that he was not ordered to do so, and will shortly have to unannex if he has gone beyond his instructions. The mistake was, as the PRINCE might acknowledge, a very natural one, on the part both of the first reporter and of the public which believed him. After what has happened on the Cameroons coast, and New Guinea, and the neighbourhood of Zanzibar, and Yap, it would not be astonishing if Admiral KNORR had taken possession of Samoa. It is at least as well worth seizing as any of these places; no other State is even nominally sovereign over it, and the only obstacle is an understanding with England, which, at one time at least, was not a very imposing obstacle in the eyes of Prince BISMARCK, though perhaps it may seem more respectable when it is also an understanding with the United States. If a mere lieutenant could hoist the German flag at Yap under the very nose of a Spanish squadron, it might be very well run up in Samoa when no foreign war-ships were making even a shadow of opposition.

What has happened appears to be that Samoa, or one of the islands, for this point does not seem to be very clear, has been not annexed, but sequestered, by Admiral KNORR. The use of the word is new in international politics, but its meaning is clear enough. Germany has accounts to settle with King MALIETOA LANPEPA. This unfortunate sovereign, who has to govern with a House of Lords (Tamoia) and a House of Representatives (Fai-feulé), which do as they please, and over a people which will not obey orders, has not been able to protect white settlers. What amount of protection they require does not appear, nor are we told whether it does not mean that he cannot help them effectually enough to pillage his subjects. However that may be, he and the white men have fallen out. There is no particular difficulty in guessing at the cause of the quarrel. The settlers, who are largely Germans, have acquired land after the well-known fashion used by adventurers among barbarous peoples. They have bought what the natives never intended to sell, they have made fraudulent contracts, and they have given A a cheap gun on consideration of receiving an assignment of B's land, and have then proceeded to evict B. When by these courses they have got into trouble, they have appealed to their Government for help, and it has been given them. Samoa has been wholly or partially sequestered till the native KING and his subjects can be made to see reason. Prince BISMARCK has not yet defined what he means by sequestration in such a case; but it has, in the absence of a commentary, a very strong resemblance to the first step towards an annexation to be carried out later on and after further formalities. As yet the Germans are bound by an understanding of a more or less explicit kind not to take Samoa without the consent of England. The PRINCE has been high-handed enough; but it would be grossly unfair to deny that in his various quarrels with the late Ministry he generally waited, though for the most in vain, for a definite statement of their intentions. In the present case he will doubtless take the same course.

But though the PRINCE will hardly commit an open breach of faith, he may easily force on a settlement in Samoa which must be more or less favourable to his countrymen. The course of the Caroline Islands dispute with Spain makes it seem probable that his main object throughout was less to secure the possession of the Islands than to force the Spaniards to make their sovereignty effective. He would seem to be content to see all these islands in the hands of other nations provided that the land claims and trading rights of the Germans are respected. If he is aiming at securing some established and responsible rule in Samoa he can easily force the English Government to come to terms favourable to Germany without either break of faith or aggression. He may call our attention to the fact that King MALIETOA LANFEPA, with his sham House of Lords and House of Representatives, cannot keep order, that the white settlers are open to attacks from the natives, and that while this is the case there can be no security for their lives and property. Having made this statement, he may ask what is to be done. It can be only one of three things. Either we must take the islands, with a distinct understanding as to the German claims, or allow Germany to take them, or agree to a division. In regard to all three, Prince BISMARCK is in the happy position of IAGO, every way makes his gain. If it is unpleasant for us to have our hand forced, we hope that nobody will tickle the PRINCE by telling him so. He might answer that it is not his business to make things pleasant for England, but to attend to what he considers the interests of Germany; that we might have taken Samoa when it was offered us, unbound by any promises, and have decided on the German claims as we thought fit, and as we have done in Fiji; that we did not choose to do it, and that you cannot have your cake and eat it. To all of which no answer could be made except an order to get out.

THE MODEST CONFIDENCE OF MR. CHILDERS.

PEOPLE to whom nothing is sacred have made so many flippant jokes from time to time on the subject of official complacency that it is quite refreshing to find an ex-Minister who has the courage of his self-satisfaction. Mr. CHILDERS, in his last speech at Edinburgh, is in this respect unapproachable. What, for instance, could be more impressive in its modest confidence than this brief summary of the account he had just been giving of the naval and military administration of successive Liberal Governments?—"I do not think, as I said before, that you can conceive any 'better condition of the army or navy.' A better condition of the army and navy not only impossible to realize, but impossible to conceive! And, 'as I said before'! Most men would have been satisfied with having once, and in the excitement of the oratorical moment, hazarded the assertion that the power of the human imagination ends at the point where improvement on Liberal administrative methods ought, if it were possible at all, to begin. But not so Mr. CHILDERS. He has once already said it, and it is greatly to his credit, that he and his party have accomplished all that the mind can conceive as practicable in the development of our military and naval resources. There is no sham humility about this. The famous, 'Sir, 'it could not be better,' is alone worthy to take rank beside it.

Even on his own personal merits as a Secretary of State for War Mr. CHILDERS is too truly modest to be dumb. He remarked that "we were able" (one does not feel quite sure whether this is not the Royal phrase) "to send out the Egyptian Expedition in 1881 at the shortest possible notice, with the best possible equipment, and to obtain a military success which has been the admiration of the world." He added:—"I may say that, throughout 'all the reforms I had in hand, I always observed one thing—never to interfere with the general in whom I placed confidence, and to whom the command had been given. I know from Lord WOLSELEY that he never 'had so happy a time as during that campaign, when my 'instructions to him were not 'You had better do this or 'that,' but 'What do you want?'" We can quite understand that, taking one consideration with another, Lord WOLSELEY's time was a happier one under these conditions than it would have been if Mr. CHILDERS had insisted on directing the movements of the Egyptian army from Downing Street—as he might easily have done if he had thought fit, and as any Minister of a less discreet and unassuming

character would undoubtedly have done. It is only your man of true modesty who could feel it his duty to inform the world of every instance of his resisting one or other of those temptations to the display of versatility which were so constantly besetting Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The political critic, however, has a certain grievance against Mr. CHILDERS as regards this speech of his at Edinburgh. It would have been fairer if he had prefaced his discourse by the observation that it was impossible to "conceive any better 'condition of the army or of the navy'; because then there would have been an end of the matter, and the political critic aforesaid would have been spared the trouble of reading through columns of a far from lively speech. It is "Eutopian" to struggle for an unattainable standard of excellence in any human affairs. How much more, then, to strive for an inconceivable one! It is true that, if we had not Mr. CHILDERS's own word for it, we should have thought it within the power of man's imagination to conceive of bayonets which do not double up when an attempt is made to use them. A rigid bayonet has, after all, but three dimensions—hardly that; and if it had four, there is a modern school of mathematicians who swear that they would even then be able to conceive it. But Mr. CHILDERS says not—or so we understand him. We assume, however, that he could hardly pronounce it as impossible to conceive an addition to the number of our soldiers or our ironclads as it would be to conceive an improvement of their quality. Because there is an impression that both these inconceivable things—if indeed they are so to be regarded—had actually to be done at the first suspicion of serious danger to peace.

BUDDHIST ECCENTRICITIES.

THE leading principle of Buddhism is to acquire merit. There are a good many ways of doing it, some of which are good and others not quite so good. You may lay up a store by giving abundant alms to the yellow-robed monks as they come round in the morning with their alms' bowl held before them in their clasped hands, and you may add to it by flinging stones at the unregenerate who walk about with their boots on in places where they ought not to. You may build a rest-house, or a monastery, or a pagoda, or have a bell or an image cast, and enter a goodly sum on the credit side towards another existence, and you do not lose any of this if by chance your plan should have been too ambitious, and you find that you are unable to pay for the material you employed on the task. The purveyors should be content with the share they have had in a good work. To take any life at all, even that of a scorpion that has bitten you, or any smaller and less dangerous creature that may have done the same thing, would be a grievous sin. The Manichæans say that the souls of farmers become herbs, so that they may be cut down and threshed out. The baker becomes bread, and is eaten. The killer of a fowl becomes a fowl, and of a rat, a rat. The Buddhists go nearly as far. Fishermen are represented as dangling by the tongue on a fish-hook, while demons draw him up and drop him down again into a lake of boiling pitch; but, though you may not catch fish or kill animals for yourself, there is no demerit in buying the flesh of them, if a fore-doomed hunter or fisherman, or any of those who have not become Buddhists, should offer it to you. There is no sin in setting snares to catch and kill tigers or cheetahs that may come after your oxen or fowls; you even gain small merit by doing so. You must not tell lies, on pain of torture in one of the eight hells; but if you are brought up, whether you like it or not, to bear witness against a man being tried on a capital charge, you are held guiltless if you diverge from the truth in order to save the life of a fellow-creature, especially if that man be a co-religionist.

Examples of this kind might be multiplied to an almost indefinite extent, but an instance which actually took place in Pegu, the ancient capital of the Talaing Kingdom, will best illustrate the extraordinary complications of good and evil, devotion and gracelessness, piety and rascality, that may spring out of the desire to gain merit, or, at any rate, not to lose it. Some years ago a Burman, desirous of bettering the chances of his soul in its next transmigration, engaged a number of bricklayers to build a pagoda just outside the town. Building a pagoda is a work of the very highest merit, more especially in the neighbourhood of so sacred a town as Pegu, with the Shway Maw Daw pagoda, the depository of the sacred hair of the Buddha. It bears to the erection of a monastery or a rest-house the same proportion that the giving of alms to a Buddha bears to the feeding of a simple monk, and we are told that, in this case, the ratio is as ten thousand to one. Therefore, the virtuous intentions of the builder were undeniable. Unfortunately by the time the brickwork was finished, the Burman, who had invested every farthing he had in the pious offering, became an insolvent. He could pay the workmen nothing, and they instituted a suit against him in the civil court. They were Buddhists, and ought to have known better. The mere connexion with such a work of merit ought to have satisfied them. How-

ever, they obtained a decree, and applied for execution, praying for leave to attach the pagoda. Now the pagoda was not finished, and had not been formally dedicated to Shin Gautama. It might, therefore, have been thought that the bricks were not much more sacred than they were before, as they certainly were less valuable. The judge, however, was a good Buddhist and a custodian of the shrine of the sacred hair. Apart altogether from the danger to himself in a future existence, he did not care for the report to get abroad among the Sramanas that he had ordered the attachment and sale of a pagoda, no matter in what state it might be. Therefore he talked the law to the plaintiffs, not the law of the Indian Civil Code, which he was supposed to be administering, but the law of the Buddha. Not even Tom Sayers had the staying power of the ordinary Burman, and the result was that the judgment creditors were talked over and led to give up their rights. Meanwhile the pious founder had absconded, so the workmen remain unpaid to this day, to their great discontent for the moment no doubt, but to their eternal benefit hereafter. The pagoda in the meantime, under the influence of sun and rain, became more and more a mere heap of bricks, the removal of which, one would have thought, would have done violence to the feelings of no one.

So the Burmans themselves seem to have come to think. But they had reckoned without the European Assistant Commissioner. Buddhism is a religion which has very great attractions for some Europeans, especially for those who do not know very much about their own creed. A European who professes himself to be a Buddhist, or who even does no more than admire the wisdom "that gave the millions peace," is sure to overdo Termagant. He will out-Herod Herod in his zeal. This happened in Pegu. Long after the judgment debtor had disappeared, some Burmans appeared before the Burmese magistrate in a civil suit, and on judgment being delivered applied for and received execution in respect of the piece of land on which the ruin of this pagoda stood. Now there was near the tumble-down pagoda an equally dilapidated image-house, and among the images there was one that had a somewhat remarkable history. It was said to have been brought from the sacred island of Ceylon, and was called by the Burmese Shway Nat Tha, the Child of the Golden Spirit. The image, however, was reported to be so fond of Ceylon that it always went back there in some mysterious way unless it was well watched. So, to save the trouble and expense of watching it after attachment had been granted, the image was heavily ironed. Within a short time the plaintiff, who had attached the property, applied to have it sold; and so it came to pass that notice of sale was published in the usual way by beat of gong, and finally the land was knocked down to a man Ismail, a Mahomedan. Some days later the European Assistant-Commissioner saw Ismail fencing in the ground, and, inspired with pious zeal, the same day cited the man to appear before him and show his title to the property. Ismail produced his sale certificate, whereupon the Assistant-Commissioner called upon the Burmese magistrate for a report. This worthy blamed the buyer for some unknown reason or other, and the result was that Ismail had his certificate of purchase taken from him. The Buddhist fervour of the Assistant-Commissioner was undeniable, but it was somewhat difficult to see what place justice took in the matter. The plaintiffs and defendants in the original suit were Burmans and Buddhists; the judge was a Buddhist of great reputed sanctity; the gong-beater was a Buddhist; and the auctioneer was a Buddhist—in short, every individual who was concerned in the disposal of the land was a Buddhist. If any wrong had been done, they were incurring danger of a beast's estate hereafter. But that the buyer of the land should be a Mussulman was too much for the holy zeal of the European Assistant-Commissioner, so the poor man was deprived of his property and merit was thrust on those who had not thought of it.

All this raised great religious excitement and a huge hankering after merit in Pegu, and both the pious and the designing made prompt use of it. A subscription was opened to put a new Htee, or jewelled "umbrella" covering, on the spire of the Shway Maw Daw, and towns in all the surrounding district competed to be allowed to take a part in the pious offering. An old prophecy declared that when a new Htee was put on the Sacred Hair shrine a king would appear who would restore religion, conquer the whole of Lower Burma, and re-establish the old Talaing kingdom. Accordingly a Min-loung, an "embryo" king, did not delay to make his appearance, gathered a fair number of followers, and set the whole country-side in a ferment. The Assistant-Commissioner's respect for Buddhism did not extend to an appreciation of Min-loungs, even if his official duties had not demanded that he should capture him, so that in a short time half the police of the district were out hunting for the pretender. Meanwhile a new subject for enthusiastic zeal made its appearance in the neighbourhood. A man had entered into a contract with the Public Works Department to supply stone for road-metalling. He had some time before come upon a find of granite under a long mound that looked not unlike part of an old embankment. The contractor was a native of India, and he had one of his countrymen associated with him in his work. He got coolies and proceeded to work out the granite. The attention of the Burmese was called to the proceeding by the peculiar appearance of the stones, some six or seven hundred of which had by this time been picked out. They looked as if they had been used for building purposes. The Burmans followed the cart and coolie tracks up to the "quarry,"

which was away out in the jungle, and found that the supposed pocket of granite was simply the bed of a huge Shin-bin Thályoung, a recumbent image of the Buddha. The image was in a very dilapidated state; indeed, to any one unacquainted with Shin-bin Thályoungs it would have appeared simply as a shapeless mass of bricks and mortar. But a pious Buddhist could not mistake what it was or had been. It rested on a bed of bricks and granite a hundred and eighty feet long, and must have been at one time rather a remarkable object. Anyhow it was sacred. The discovery was noised about, and of course there was great excitement. Hundreds of people went daily to offer up prayers before the image, and very soon a petition was presented to the Assistant-Commissioner praying him to order the excavating operations to be put a stop to. But this gentleman was cooled down in his enthusiasm by the Min-loung trouble. The Executive Engineer objected entirely. He wanted road-metal and "rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur." So the matter was referred to the Deputy-Commissioner of the district. He ordered the collector to be proceeded against. The case came before the Assistant-Commissioner in due course, and Mamana-lubbi and Ticha-na-moorti, contractors to the Public Works Department, were charged with having destroyed an idol known as Shin-bin Thályoung, better known in Pegu as Paw-daw-moo, in Teing-ga-nyeung jungle. Now, however, the questors after merit started a fresh Buddhist puzzle. Some seventy or eighty Burmans, headed by the Burmese Extra-Assistant-Commissioner, presented a counter-petition, praying that the prosecution be not proceeded with, as the tenets of the Buddhist faith forbade retaliation. The religious feelings of the Burmese, they said, would be sufficiently done justice to if the contractors were directed to replace the granite. When the prosecuting section were asked what they said to this, they followed the usual Oriental practice, and declined to give any statement of wishes or opinions, preferring to leave it entirely in the hands of the magistrate. The entanglements of merit were so complicated that they were in danger both ways. The Assistant-Commissioner was somewhat sick of merit now, and entirely irritated with its labyrinths. He adjourned the case for a fortnight for consideration, and the contractors in the meantime were ordered to take the stones back. When they had done this they were sent to gaol. This lamentable occurrence greatly cooled down the enthusiasm about the recumbent image. Moreover, the fact that there were many tigers in the jungle, and that several devotees were eaten, served to increase the feeling, and eventually Paw-daw-moo came to be quite neglected. Shortly afterwards, too, the Min-loung vanished altogether when keeping a fast in the same neighbourhood, and this was said by many to be the result of the wicked spirit of revenge which had led to the incarceration of the two natives of India. The pious prosecutors, indeed, said that he had only retired into Upper Burma to await a more favourable time for establishing his monarchy. One thing, however, was evident, and that was that some one had committed grievous sin and had lost merit enough to reduce him to the state of an animal, if not to that of a pyeththa. The threading of this maze reduced the eager desire for fresh merit, and produced soul-searchings instead. It may be concluded that the more pious a Buddhist is, the more capable he is of demonstrating that any religious matter is entirely right or entirely wrong, and that whichever way he acts he is sure of deriving merit from it, which is comforting, but none the less bewildering, to a European magistrate when he is called upon to solve a Buddhist religious enigma.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

THE Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain is evidently what our ancestors would have called a nice man—by which we do not mean in the least to imply that, according to the celebrated definition, he is a man of nasty ideas. On the contrary, we use the phrase in the sense in which a later but less exact English would employ "very particular." Mr. Chamberlain is very particular indeed. Until we read his speech to the Three Acres and a Cow meeting last Monday at the Westminster Palace Hotel, we had hardly realized the survival of so much early Spanish spirit, so much pundonor, in the modern Birmingham man. It will be remembered that in the famous curse in the Cid story, not only is a bad end imprecated upon the persons concerned, but the particulars are dilated on with singular richness and delicacy of fancy. "May" it is said, "the executioners come from the Asturias or Galicia, not from Leon or Castile. May they tool with horn-handled snickersnees, not with gilt-hatched daggers. May they bind the hands [of the criminals] with hempen mule gear, not with silken sword belts." We quote from memory, but to the best of our belief it goes on for a considerable time in this fashion. Now Mr. Chamberlain evidently feels that he and his have been subjected to something like these indignities. The wicked Tories have come abow-wow-wout him, and their bow-wow has been of a Galician and Asturian character, not by any means of a Castilian or Leonese. That the horn-handled snickersnees have, indeed, made some impression on Mr. Chamberlain may be judged from (among other things) the statement that the Tories "have lied with a vigour and a persistency and a unanimity which have almost elevated mendacity to the rank of a virtue" (by the way, what a virtuous man Mr. Chamberlain must be! His virtue on his own estimation is really worth any price). Now it is well known among the children of this world that when a man speaks like this, he does not exactly speak as if he were quite indifferent

to the virtuous, or almost virtuous, practices he condemns. We gather from Mr. Chamberlain's remarks that the almost virtuous assertions of the Tories (may we blushing interpolate a *quorum pars*?) have, at any rate, slightly abraded his moral skin. But the snickersneers are so horn-handled, the handcuffs are so very far from silken. "Tory humour," says Mr. Chamberlain, "has degenerated a good deal since the time of Mr. Canning, and has become a very clumsy instrument in the hands of the stupid party." He is not satisfied with his roasting; he must have a new *Anti-Jacobin* to baste him, or the blood of the Chamberlains revolts at the indignity.

Now we are nothing if not sweetly reasonable, and we only ask Mr. Chamberlain very gently whether this is quite sweet and reasonable of him. He shows a certain sign of grace in admitting that humour is a Tory quality—it certainly is, for may the Enemy admire us if we can remember one great political humourist in England (always excepting the Canon Schnidnischmidt, a mere skin-deep Liberal) who was not a Tory. The stupid party has it by kind, through Swift, who used to trim the coats of the younger contemporaries of Mr. Chamberlain's sainted ancestor in such very far from clumsy fashion, through Arbuthnot and the *Craftsman*, through Canning, and Frere, and Ellis, and Lockhart, and Christopher, and many more. But Mr. Chamberlain is not satisfied with his own adversaries; he craves for sharper brine, for a more deftly brandished rod. Now we say again, is this reasonable? The principle of adjustment and proportion is, as is well known, one of the pillars of the universe. The wise economy of nature refuses to call into existence remedies unnecessarily strong for the disease. And it has decided that we and others, *nous chétifs*, are quite enough for Mr. Chamberlain. Far be it from us to be so rude as to seek a parallel in Canning's days for Mr. Chamberlain himself. But think of Brougham and Sir William Harcourt! Think of Cobbett and Mr. Jesse Collings! Think of Thelwall and that noble jest of the pot of porter, and then think of Mr. Thorold Rogers or Mr. Bradlaugh! Nature brings not back the Mastodon, and why should she bring back the methods and the men necessary to tackle Mastodons? Not, mind you, that we have the slightest want of confidence in our own ability (aided by the resources of civilization and Christianity) to tackle Mastodons. But then we haven't got Mastodons to tackle. There was once an Oxford undergraduate who was gravely rebuked by his tutor (the tutor was a Liberal, which had nearly extinguished in him a not inconsiderable native fund of humour) for writing an essay in which he (the undergraduate) urged that you should never use a good argument when a bad one would do. "This was young and extravagant, no doubt; but there really was a sound principle at the back of it. We, simple as we write, have made a hare of Mr. Chamberlain again and again; yet apparently he is not content because Canning has not risen from the dead to do the juggling. Which phrase, *salvo reverentia*, suggests the reflection whether Mr. Chamberlain would be any more satisfied if Canning did rise from the dead to talk about the "Creeping creatures, venomous and low, still blasphemous and blackguard," &c. &c.; to enforce new lessons of philanthropy as to Mr. Chamberlain and the unemployed of Birmingham; and so forth. Personally we should enjoy the resuscitation of Mr. Canning (that is, of the Mr. Canning of the *Anti-Jacobin*) very much indeed. It would be great fun to see him handle such subjects as Mr. Gladstone's indictment against Retired Leisure, taking his wicked Tory pleasure, not in trim gardens, but in extremely untidy polling-booths. It would be great fun, too, to see him deal with Mr. Labouchere's approval of this condemnation of your rich chuffs, and his promise that "when we Radicals get the chance, we mean to squeeze some of these sponges." Nobody would have indicated with more zest or felicity than the author of *The Rovers* that squeezing is a process that many parties can play at, and that there might possibly be proceeds from the judicious application of the press to Mr. Labouchere himself, to Mr. Chamberlain, or even (awful thought!) to a certain resident at H-w-d-n. There would be plenty of material for Mr. Canning, and for the good men and true his work-fellows and followers, though perhaps they might find the game rather small.

But the point is, Would Mr. Chamberlain like it any better than he likes his present accommodations at the hands of wicked and clumsy Tory satirists? Would he not be extremely likely (reversing the process, and supposing him to have been a contemporary of Canning's) to deplore the sad decadence of Tory humour since the days of Bolingbroke or of Arbuthnot, and to descant on the immense inferiority of the *Anti-Jacobin* to the *Craftsman* and the *Examiner*? Alas! mankind is made thus. The stupid party, we fear, would never have pleased Mr. Chamberlain, whether the chief representatives of its stupidity at the time had been Lockhart and Lord Lyndhurst, or Scott and Canning, or Bolingbroke and Swift, all of them typical examples of the quality. He would still have pushed back the golden age of Tory humour, even if he had been as convinced as ever that Tories "carried mendacity, &c. &c." in the present. We fear he would always have been a very severe critic of his actual satirists. As we write there come into our heads certain lines which fit Mr. Chamberlain's Monday speech excellently. They are more than thirty years old, not so old as Canning, no doubt, but still old enough to give them a venerable air even in the eyes of so *exigant* a connoisseur of old crusted humour as Mr. Chamberlain. What does he think of them?—

Theft, my friend? The gods have pity on your weak and watery brain! How can they, who own the total, steal a portion? Pray, explain.

Men in nature's state are equal: property conferred by laws
From the sanction of the people all its rights and safeguards draws.
You but hold it at their pleasure: you must yield it at their summons:
And the pleasure of the people, seek it in the House of Commons!

Stuff and nonsense! Why should feeling public spirit clog and cumber?
When the greatest happiness is wanted for the greatest number?
Private ties (you can't disprove it, if you argue to eternity)
Hamper in their narrow fetters cosmopolitan fraternity.
Close foundations limited to one particular locality,
Might as well be left to foster open vice and immorality!
I should feel far more compunction, laying hands to spoil and pillage
On the brothel of an empire than the college of a village!

Worn-out notions! Musty fancies! redolent of Church and King,
Guardian-Angels, George-and-Dragons, that old-fashioned kind of thing,
Master-spirits, leading statesmen, all to circumstances bow:
Public conscience, State religion, even Gladstone scouts them now.

We might quote a good deal more, but it is unnecessary. The cap fits pretty well on the whole—the cap woven by a stupid dean (though, by the way, he was not a dean then) thirty years ago and more. Yet if Mr. Chamberlain had been a master-spirit and a leading statesman in 1852, instead of being a probably very good boy of sixteen—vacant, indeed, of the glorious gains of an American subsidy for keeping Birmingham workmen out of employment, but doubtless meditating on this and other achievements—if, we say, he had been a master-spirit then, we have no doubt that he would have thought the *Phrontisterion* deplorably clumsy, and have held that its ridicule had "altogether missed its mark."

It may possibly be that a nobler feeling than mere reluctance to acknowledge his enemies' cleverness enters into Mr. Chamberlain's complaint. He fears that he shall not be embalmed for posterity, as were Thelwall and La Reveillère Lapaux. Much respect is due to this last infirmity; but there is good hope that Mr. Chamberlain is mistaken. So long as affidavits are institutions of English law, so long, at least, as the new borough of Aston remains enfranchised and bears its name, certain chapters of the Chamberlainiad composed by divers Tory satirists are not likely to be forgotten. The amber may be as indifferent an electrum as Mr. Chamberlain thinks, but it is quite good enough to preserve the fly. In short, if we may take leave of Mr. Chamberlain and the yearnings of his clear spirit for some kind of immortality with an undignified quotation, his Monday complaint reminds us very forcibly of the memorable remark once made near the town which now has the honour of returning Mr. Jesse Collings to Parliament. "Go and tell the justice that I've spiled his beadle, and if he'll swear in another I'll spile him." This remark of Mr. Weller's was, indeed, somewhat in the gasconading vein, somewhat after the fashion of the *gabs* in which, according to their chroniclers, the knights of old indulged through the helmet barred. But it contains a sound principle. A man can only spoil, and need only employ sufficient force to spoil, the beades that come in his way. If the justices, the upper powers, will send beades requiring a more elaborate and Canningian spoiling than that which has been administered to Mr. Chamberlain and those about him, we will see what can be done. Meanwhile *habent*, and, if it is not enough, *habebunt*.

THE MILLAIS EXHIBITION.

NOW that the Grosvenor Gallery is open to the public, the inconvenient arrangement of the pictures is distressingly apparent, particularly in the small fourth room, where it is impossible to see the many interesting works of the painter's early period. The "Isabella," "The Proscribed Royalist," "Sir Isumbras," and the rest, are naturally besieged by those who throng the room, and the result is a grievance that might easily be avoided by exchanging these smaller pictures for "The Ruling Passion," "An Idyll of 1745," and some other recent works, which would not be greatly missed if omitted altogether. Then there is the Catalogue. It is compiled by a critic who takes the public through the galleries in leading-strings and pours forth his tediousness without stint. With a few exceptions, the works of Sir John Millais need no explanation, nothing but a few dates or the identification of sitters. Mr. Stephens ordains otherwise. Not content with superfluous description of pictures whose import is clear to the meanest understanding, he indulges in wild conjectures of the unseen, with finely-drawn suppositions, couched in language of superfine gentility. And there is no escape from the garrulous comment. If standing before the admirable "Sir Isumbras" (124), one consults the Catalogue, the eye wanders through the page or more of tortuous exposition till arrested by a pretty antithesis. You feel how vastly condescending it was of Sir Isumbras that, "true knight as he was," he should carry over the river "two little children," yea, even "two woodcutter's children as they were." And "on the saddle of his grand war-horse," too, "he has stooped his magnificent pride!" Not even in the pages of Hallam have we a finer revelation of the spirit of chivalry than the wonderment of the critic. Here is "The Proscribed Royalist" (125), a picture of potent simplicity, the incident told with perfect skill; yet even here the superfluous Mr. Stephens intrudes, bidding us mark "the tree of refuge," how like it is to "a gigantic specimen of silver ore," and how the Cavalier's features "attest what has been his hiding-place." Considering how forcibly the fact is delineated that the unhappy Royalist is in the tree, we may ask if the critic would have

painted him in all his bravery as at Court? The delightful "Little Miss Muffet" (89) is mysteriously spoken of as "the heroine of minute romance," and her eye is blue, and so is her shoe, and her dainty attire assort with her face—after which unwonted lyrical outburst comes the solemn record "A nearly life-size figure." The green bat-like forms that hover about Ariel in the "Ferdinand" (78) naturally exercise the critic, but with no perplexity. "They are of varied hues of verdure, silver and grey, but because the place before us is a meadow near a forest they are chiefly green"—an observation that ingeniously hints of Darwin and Mr. Wallace, and the protective force of mimicry in the world of sylphs and insects. Another little-observed natural law is noted in the searching and learned description of "The Rescue" (92), which is written by "a critic of the time" (1855) and a formidable rival, it would seem, of Mr. Stephens. There is a fireman in this powerful picture who "leads our thoughts to where, unseen here, but standing resolute before the roaring flames, a second fireman delivers the white and shining jet, which heat soon turns to steam." It is annoying not to see that second fireman, and we hope that Sir John Millais—who is reported to be not averse to altering his early works—will accept the hint and find room for him. Without him, somehow, "the lovely face of the mother," "the man's considerate brow" (how did the critic manage to see it under the helmet-peak), and even the terrific struggle of dawn and daylight on a roof, are incomplete.

There is some reason to fear that the ordinary visitor to the Grosvenor Gallery may be a little disconcerted by the Catalogue, though it is some consolation to know it is "under revision." The portraits are more fortunate than the landscapes, many of which receive their full share of the peculiar elucidation that delights in dark phrases. The masterpieces of portraiture—the "Miss Nina Lehmann" (93), "The Misses Hoare" (48), the vigorous portraits of "Mr. Hook" (44) and of "Lord Tennyson" (40)—provoke little or no comment. These, and the majority of the portraits here collected, have been exhaustively noticed within recent years. It is a different matter with the landscapes, the study of which as arranged at the Grosvenor Gallery is profoundly suggestive. On the whole, they leave an impression of disappointment, a conviction that Sir John Millais's interpretation of nature is skilful rather than sympathetic, superficial rather than spiritual, and possesses more of literal force than imaginative vision. "The Deserted Garden" (107), which Mr. Stephens feels to be "pathetic," is slight and commonplace beside a very moderate Corot; we cannot forget the tame and vacuous treatment of mist and atmosphere in the "pathos" of detail which is so injuriously assertive. "The wasted native," over which the critic of the Catalogue rejoices; the "exotic" which has "struggled for existence and become wild in the effort"; "the gigantic male fern, a sturdy son of the wilderness"—what value have they in the scheme and what significance? Vain is the frantic effort of the brave exotic. "Winter Fuel" (110), again, is a type of Academic landscape of which we have a yearly supply; and "The Sound of Many Waters" (102), marvellous as is the patient reverential rendering of the great boulders and their vegetation, is a maze of ill-distributed lights and accents and confused detail. The great upland slope of moorland in "The Fringe of the Moor" (108) is, indeed, superbly handled, and unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the exhibition; yet in the same composition we have the distracting foreground to the left and the hard prismatic distances. Power and sentiment of another kind are revealed in the fuller repose and unity, the firm colour and noble harmony of "Scotch Fir" (109). The appearance of "Chill October" (21) in the Academy of 1871 marked an epoch in the painter's career, and it is quite needless to refer to the landscape-backgrounds of "Sir Isambard" and "The Vale of Rest" for premonitory evidence of the power and distinction that characterize it. On the contrary, it is one of the many examples of Sir John Millais's versatility. In the two earlier pictures landscape is subjected to the sentiment of the subject. In "Chill October" the landscape is fraught with little intensity of passion, and seems to us now, as when first exhibited, to possess small power to stir the feelings or kindle the imagination. Of its technical qualities it is needless to speak. We do not return to it, as we do to "Flowing to the Sea" (94), with a sense of freshness, of interest and speculation. The charm of the former picture is easily fathomable; that of the other fluctuates, works in many ways, eludes analysis, but it abides.

THE ENGLISH MANOR.

II.

WE have pointed out the elements of which a lawful manor consists; we now have to see what means we have of tracing them back beyond the conventional commencement of legal memory. Domesday Book tells us of manors in plenty, but of their internal constitution it tells very little. For the preceding centuries our direct evidence is imperfect. We do not think any considerable addition has been made to the materials used and published by Kemble a generation ago. The six volumes of the *Codex Diplomaticus* are full enough in one way, but the charters there collected are of one prevailing type—grants on a large scale by princes, mostly for religious purposes. We believe that they are, with few exceptions, grants of lordship, not of occupying possession. They hardly tell us more about the detailed eco-

nomy of land-holding than a collection of modern family settlements of great estates would tell a French or German student of the position of a modern English tenant-farmer. Of the local customs and tenures we have no continuous or systematic records; there is no reason to believe that any such were kept in writing. Our notions of the Anglo-Saxon land system as a whole must be to a great extent hypothetical, and to some extent conjectural. Yet a few exceptional documents and incidental notices in various quarters have given us fixed points of importance. We know that the relation of chief and dependent, or lord and man, was part of the regular order of society long before the Norman Conquest, and that the dependent often held land of his lord on more or less burdensome terms. We know, too, that these terms were similar in kind to those on which customary tenants of manors are found holding their land in post-Norman surveys and records. They consisted in doing or finding work for the benefit of the lord's demesne land, or paying its equivalent. Sometimes they were so burdensome as to appear barely compatible with personal freedom. It is quite certain, however, both from earlier and later authorities, that there was not any necessary correspondence between the terms of the tenure and the personal status of the tenant. We know from their express language that a tenant in a very small way might be, and commonly was, a free man. There was then, and long after, a personally enslaved class; a member of it (*peow, servus* or *nativus*, bondsman) had no civil rights as against his lord. But as against any one else, after the Conquest at any rate, he might act as a free man, and hold free land if he could. Somewhat in the same way a free man might be personally commended to one lord and owe suit of court to another. It is supposed, rather from post-Norman indications than from direct evidence, that there was at one time a considerable class of independent landholders on a moderate scale, such as we should now call squires or yeomen. But their proportion in number to the dependent freemen, and the proportion of either to bondsmen (we purposely avoid the vague and unauthorized word "serf") are unknown. Kemble was of opinion that "the ruin of the free cultivators and the overgrowth of the lords" had gone very far before the Conquest; and his opinion is entitled to great weight. We may well think that in the tenth century dependent communities tilled much, or even most, of the soil of England, and that at least the germs of lordship were as early as the English settlement. But we cannot affirm that dependence was universal, or that the English conquerors of Britain brought lordship with them full-grown (still less a manorial system), or that a thane under Edward the Confessor (not to say his earlier namesake or Alfred) was the lord of a manor in the Anglo-Norman sense. It would save trouble to follow Mr. Seebohm in pushing Kemble's view to that extreme length (he does not seem to be aware how much of it is Kemble's, by the way); but the evidence does not warrant this. The private jurisdiction which is essential to the developed manor has been shown, we think, to belong only to the latest pre-Norman period. In any case, only positive necessity would make us assume that the Germanic people who invaded Britain either had never been like the Germans described by Tacitus, or had become wholly different in the meantime. The alternative of merely discrediting Tacitus is not within the range of serious argument. One conclusion of a negative sort already mentioned in the preceding article may be repeated here. Whatever the English village community, dependent or independent, was called, there is no real authority for calling it a *mark*. It is much more likely that it was called a township. And not only there is no authority for attributing to it a popular court called a *mark-moot*, but it is very doubtful whether there was any regular township court at all. Certainly the word "*mearc-mót*" is found. But it may just as well refer to a court where the pleas of adjacent hundreds or shires were held on or near the common boundary, a thing known to have been sometimes done. We suspect that the manor court was a new thing altogether, created by way of relief against the delays, inaccessibility, and other inconveniences of the hundred court. How far it may have been created on the lines of an informal township meeting, going back to a more ancient origin than the hundred court itself, and answering to the *panchayat* of an Indian village, is at present an open question. If its jurisdiction began with being voluntary and derived from the consent of the free tenants, this would at once explain why the free suitors are the judges, and the court cannot exist without them. But who are these free suitors? Not the dependent freemen rendering rents and services, who are evidently the predecessors in estate not of the free but of the customary tenants in the post-Norman system. Are they the remnant of the earlier class of independent freemen, who held their own lands in several ownership, whether or not under a system of communal regulation? (Again we avoid a current term, "*allodial*," for *alodium* and its derivatives occur in our authorities only in Latin; in some places it is certainly a translation of *bookland*, and we believe this was its only significance.) It would seem so; but direct evidence fails. If so, how did they cease to be separate units and form a system with the lord of the manor at its head? Here, too, no certain answer has been arrived at. But the difficulty is at worst no greater than that of accounting for feudal tenures generally.

With the Conquest we enter on the period of written and formal testimony, and in the succeeding centuries the wealth of materials is almost perplexing. Domesday itself, though it does not give much direct explanation, is capable of affording much guidance: as witness Mr. James F. Morgan's excellent little book, not so well

known as it deserves, *England under the Norman Occupation* (1858). We may here call attention to the good work of the Devonshire Association, who are republishing both the Exon and the Exchequer texts of the survey of their own county in a form convenient for reference and comparison, and promise indices and other helps, besides the translation which already accompanies the extended text. It is much to be wished that the like work were done for other counties. About a century after Domesday there is a group of local surveys which enables us to compare the terms and usages of northern, eastern, and south-western England. The Durham inquest known as the Boldon Book, and published by the Record Commission and the Surtees Society, the Peterborough book published by the Camden Society, and the Glastonbury book lately printed by the Roxburghe Club, are as good a typical selection as could be wished, and better than archaeologists often dare to expect; and the fragment of the St. Paul's inquest of the same period, little of it as there is, adds something. For the thirteenth century we have the Domesday of St. Paul's, whose utility is much increased by the late Archdeacon Hale's excellent introduction, the Register of Worcester, the Hundred Rolls, the minute instructions for the bailiff and officers of a manor in Fleta, and, in the earlier work of Bracton, the beginning of legal authority proceeding on a definite legal theory. So far as we are aware, court rolls of manors earlier than the fourteenth century are not known to exist, and the extant rolls of that century are not many. But they would probably give us less detail than we already possess in the surveys.

In the years after the Black Death, when for the time labour was so scarce that farmers and labourers could make their own terms, many lords made haste to put the old accustomed services on record, either by way of protest or on the chance of one day being able to enforce them again. Sometimes, however, new terms were formally made with the tenants and recorded. It is written in a still unpublished inquest of sundry manors in the county of Oxford:—"Tempore mortalitatis hominum sive pestilencie que fuit anno domini millesimo ccc^o xlix^o vix remanserunt duo tenentes in dicto manerio, qui recedere voluissent nisi frater Nicholas de Upton tunc abbas dicti manerii cum eisdem et aliis supervenientibus tenentibus [so the prospect of better terms brought in new tenants] de novo composuissent, qui convenit cum eisdem forma qua sequitur." So in the History of the Manor of Castle Combe, by Mr. Poulett Scrope, we read, anno 1357, concerning the tenure of a house and yardland, "et dictum tenementum concessum est ei ad tam parvam finem eo quod dictum tenementum est ruinum et decassum; et existerat in manu domini a tempore Pestilencie pro defectu emptorum"; it was left on hand because nobody would take it, an experience which just now is being revived for divers landlords, both individual and corporate. This History of the Manor of Castle Combe, privately printed, but accessible in some of our public libraries, gives good examples of the varied and continuous materials which are available from the fourteenth century downwards. Much unpublished evidence remains in both public and private keeping; some of it would certainly be of great interest to scholars. We believe, however, that what we have in print is reasonably sufficient in kind.

The mediæval documents show at first sight a bewildering variety of nomenclature. Doubtless the same tenure was differently named in different parts of the country; but, with all allowance for this, it is evident that the facts were more complex than the legal doctrine which the King's judges imposed upon them at a later time. A man's personal condition must either be free or bond; but the sharp distinction of the classical law books between free and base or "servile" tenure is hardly settled in the twelfth century. Liability to uncertain services is said to be the test of base tenure; yet we find in the Peterborough Book free sokemen who at certain seasons are bound to service defined only by the lord's will, "quicquid jusserit dominus." There are other indications that the relation of legal theories to customary facts was unsettled as late as the thirteenth century. But the point of substance is the effect of the Norman Conquest and the Anglo-Norman settlement on the practical condition of the cultivators. We have long ceased to think of the Conquest as a catastrophe breaking up the whole order of society; perhaps the danger is now the other way, and we are disposed to underrate the disturbance and hardships that must accompany a new administration, even in parts where there is no armed resistance and no intention of interfering with existing usage. New lords are apt to define their rights more closely than old ones, and to enforce their dues with less tact and moderation. It appears on the whole, Mr. Seebohm notwithstanding, that the immediate effect of the Conquest was to depress the smaller occupiers. It is not unlikely, but we do not think it proved, that in this process the state of the bondsmen became relatively better. We see no reason to doubt that the actual intention of the Conqueror and his advisers was to deal fairly by all sorts of people, apart from measures of punishment or reprisal for active opposition to his claim. Down to the thirteenth century there was a deliberate endeavour to make the doctrines of the law less favourable to the customary tenant, which has left its mark in curious ways on the text of Bracton. We do not think it had much practical success, judging by the contemporary and subsequent evidence of actual usage. The King's courts knew nothing of the *villanus* as such; they knew the *nativus* as the lord's property. When a man's personal freedom was in dispute, a not uncommon case, his villen tenure of land might come in as matter of evidence, but as evidence only. Yet we are compelled to believe that a tenant in villenage had, through

the customary court or otherwise, a fair measure of security. Even in respect of the services due to the lord the position may have been better than it appears. The Glastonbury Book tells us of commutations of work for fixed money payments which were already regarded as ancient ("ex antiquitate," "nunquam viderunt aliter esse"). One thing which seems certain is that the archaisms and variety of tenure in villenage were preserved mainly by the contempt of the King's courts. Had the justices in eire or their successors the justices of assize taken any notice of the rules of alienation and succession in villen lands, they would probably have made as short work of local usage as they did in dealing with the inheritance of freehold lands. When copyhold tenure was definitely brought into the sphere of the superior courts in the fifteenth century the common law was past its creative period. Unable to assimilate the elements of ancient custom which it had so long ignored, and equally unable wholly to neglect them, it admitted them to a sort of ambiguous toleration. The details now precious to antiquaries and comparative jurists were slurred over with perfunctory notice, if noticed at all. Meanwhile personal bondage was on the wane. In the latter part of the sixteenth century it hardly survived except on Church lands, as we know from Sir Thomas Smith, and on some Crown lands; and after the early part of the seventeenth it is no more heard of. This, no doubt, has contributed to the confusion between *villanus* and *nativus*, customary tenant and bondsman, for which, in its current form, Blackstone is mainly answerable. But much confusion is of early growth. From the fourteenth century onwards there is frequent haziness about the proper constitution and style of private courts—we do not say manor courts, for there may be private jurisdictions not manorial, and this is one of the sources of confusion.

While text-writers and judges were framing the orthodox legal theory which still nominally prevails, usage went its own way little disturbed. A few words of allowance are given by Coke (in obedience to a then recent decision) to the anomaly of a shifting fee-simple in meadow land subject to allotment; but it is certain that holdings of acre or half-acre strips dispersed or "lying abroad" in the common fields prevailed in many parts of England after Coke's time; though probably they had long ceased to be moveable, and the great inclosing movement of the sixteenth century had told heavily on the old open-field or "champion" husbandry. We must not suppose that the inclosures consisted wholly of turning plough land into sheep farms. Tusser stoutly defended the new system as making better farming possible and increasing the total produce of the soil. "Good land that is several crops may have three [in rotation without fallow], in champion country it may not so be." Popular feeling, however, was against the inclosures. "Our inclosiers wolde leaue no such commons," exclaims Richard Eden, A.D. 1555, in a marginal note to his *Decades of the New World or West India*. With or against their will, they left a notable residue of common fields which have disappeared only within living memory. Maps of the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century, such as Mr. Seebohm has used for illustration, show them in a state of decay. But there are well-preserved maps in existence, belonging to colleges at Oxford, which show not only common fields as they were laid out about the end of the sixteenth century, but the scattered strips held by every tenant, the tenant's name and the area in terms of the statute acre being written along each strip: and this in many different parts of the country. A tendency to enfranchise copyholds and consolidate adjacent strips is already apparent; and we may collect that the holdings were often originally fixed with reference not to the statute acre, but to a smaller customary acre. There is nothing to suggest that the arable ground was subject to re-allotment; but there is not infrequent mention of lot meadows (now and then with shares alternating between lord and tenants), and these, indeed, survive in a few places to this day. It would not be amiss for the Oxford Historical Society, which has made a vigorous beginning, to reproduce a few select specimens of these maps. Those we have seen belong to Corpus and All Souls; for aught we know there may be others equally good. Again, there is ample witness that, in spite of the perversely narrow theory laid down in Coke's Reports, and thereafter in all the received law books, the men of a vill or the tenants of a manor are constantly found acting in the manner of a corporation and treated as such. Now as against their own lord, now as against a neighbouring township, they claim or dispute rights of common and the like on the footing of independent powers; they make treaties and conventions, and even in formal pleadings we sometimes find rights ascribed to inhabitants as a class which the current legal doctrine does not allow to exist. As late as 1632 a Chancery suit is recorded where such a claim was made in the name of the inhabitants of the parish of Holne on Dartmoor. The orthodox lawyer has to say that the claim must be understood to have been really in respect of tenure. But it is clear that the people concerned, and even the learned persons who put their rights or claims on record, did not at the time so understand.

Nowadays a juster historical method is the possession of students, and is making way even in our jurisprudence. Things have been adjudged and said in the House of Lords itself which should have made Coke turn in his grave. As it happens in the long run, the unpractical scholar has prevailed, and the men of practice and common sense are discomfited. Kemble and the *Codex Diplomaticus*, and the once despised "black-letter learning," have routed Coke and Blackstone. It may seem fantastic to say

that we owe to Kemble the preservation of Epping Forest and the reversal of the policy of the Inclosure Acts; yet one might so speak with no small measure of truth. Kemble worked and wrote for the living, not for the dead, and he knew it. History is not a dumb recorder, but a living witness. She will impartially rebuke those who forget the good of the past and those who put its evil out of sight. Least of all will she tolerate those who from her vast storehouse snatch a few crude notions as weapons of political agitation.

CANVAS-BACKS.

IN the fourteenth chapter of *The Monks of Thelema* there is an assertion which most Americans will maintain to have been inspired either by the most malicious malice or by the most ignorant ignorance. The trustworthy recorder of the words and deeds of the Brothers and Sisters of the Abbey of Thelema has been relating their pleasant habit of varying their repasts by incursions into the bills-of-fare of foreign countries, and after noting that olla podrida and pillau and curry were borrowed from various climes, Mr. Walter Besant makes this strange declaration:—"As there is no cookery in America, it was impossible, save by the aid of canvas-backs, to dine à l'Américaine." Now all good Americans will hasten to denounce this declaration as monstrous and indefensible; they will be tempted to ask how Mr. Besant can expect the citizens of the United States of America to grant the protection of their copyright laws to a book like his, entertaining, no doubt, and in the main instructive beyond question, and yet charged with gastronomic heresy like this. Verily Mr. Besant is in a parlous state; he should be put to his purgation, that he may clear himself, if haply he can. Has he never heard of Terrapin, the true diamond-back Terrapin of the Chesapeake, whereof the belles of Baltimore make their boast? Knows he nothing of the Chicken Gumbo of the Creoles of New Orleans? Wots he not of the Soft-Shell Crab of New York? The good American may ask Mr. Walter Besant why it is he has ignored these things or how it is that he is ignorant of them. The good American, or the travelled Englishman who cherishes pleasant recollections of the high deeds of a sable *cordons bleu* in Baltimore or of a naturalized *chef* at Delmonico's in New York, might feel moved to adopt the method of the Master whose memory Mr. Walter Besant has nobly laboured to keep bright in the sight of the men and women of "this so-called nineteenth century"; they might be tempted to draw up a Rabelaisian list of the achievements and triumphs of the American cookery, the very existence of which Mr. Walter Besant denies. Thus, they might set forth the merits not only of

Terrapin.
Gumbo.
Soft-shell crabs

already noted, but also of

Buckwheat cakes.
Redsnapper.
Corn-on-the-cob.
Succotash.
Squab.
Sweet potatoes.
Shad.
Pompano.
Corn-bread.
Prairie-chicken.
Striped-bass.
Pumpkin-pie.
Clam-chowder.
Spanish-mackerel.
Waffles.
Strawberry Short-cake.

The list is not comprehensive, far from it, but it is characteristic as far as it goes. Can Mr. Walter Besant, after reading with the attention it deserves this imperfect catalogue of the good things of American life, place his hand on his heart, and declare again that there is no cookery in America when he sees before him this list of finished products of the highest culinary art and of the raw materials for gastronomic endeavours of the utmost delicacy?

And yet we doubt not that the most devout gastronome in America will willingly forgive Mr. Walter Besant for his aspirations on the cookery of the United States, because he has made an exception in favour of the canvas-back. It is true that there is no great merit in this exception, for he were a churlish knave who could slur or pass over in silence that most enticing of birds. No man, without instant loss of self-respect and of all reputation as a critic of eating, may say a word against the canvas-back. It is said that when the makers of the American Republic were about to choose a national emblem, Benjamin Franklin wished them to prefer the native turkey to the imperial eagle, often as double-faced as he is two-headed; and now truly the canvas-back is—in one sense at least—the national bird of America, the one which bears tidings of peace and goodwill to all nations. Although the canvas-back is the crowning glory of the American kitchen, he is not alone in his glory; he is not like the Turk, who brooks no brother near the throne; he has first cousins in the bald-pate, the mallard, and the red-head, all of them ducks second only to the unapproachable canvas-back. They are all good with a great goodness, but he is best of all. Yet they resemble him closely in size and flavour, and they masquerade in his borrowed plumes before the inexpert diner. There is a merry jest told of Mrs.

Partington, who saw an itinerant organ-boy with his attendant monkey, and as he serenely grinded before her door observed, "How well he plays for one so young! and how much his little brother in the red jacket looks like him!" To the lordly canvas-back the red-head duck is as the little brother in the red jacket. In that admirably illustrated and as admirably edited book *Sport with Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters* (New York: The Century Company. 1883) there is an ample account of the canvas-back, of his habitat, of his habits, of his tastes and of the taste of him, and of the different methods of killing him and of cooking him. This chapter was written by Mr. W. M. Laffan, sometime a resident of Baltimore, where those twin triumphs of the American table, the canvas-back and the terrapin, are served in the purest perfection. Mr. Laffan tells us that few can distinguish between the canvas-back and the red-head when both are in season. "Only those very familiar with the birds can tell which is which when alive, and when served it becomes almost an impossibility." Mr. Laffan notes that, although the ducks of the Chesapeake are the same birds to be seen in Hudson's Bay and on the northern lakes, they are nowhere else as good for the table. "They follow the edge of the winter along the Atlantic coast, and the water they prefer to feed in is that in which the ice is about to form, or from which it has just disappeared." The great vegetable beds of the shallows of Chesapeake Bay, and the abundance of the wild celery in these beds, make this the favourite feeding-ground of the canvas-back, and give to the ducks killed there a surpassing plumpness and a most delicate flavour. Mr. Laffan describes with great gusto his own adventures on a shooting-trip against the canvas-back, and he incidentally shows us the various methods of attack. The nefarious pot-hunter uses either a "sink-boat" or a "night-reflector," both unsportsmanlike and murderous devices. The "night-reflector" is a reflector mounted behind a strong lamp, and fixed into the bow of a row-boat, which is then steered boldly at the huge "beds" of sleeping ducks, who seem to be fascinated by the glaring light and fall victims to the huge guns of the pot-hunter. The true sportsman uses "blinds," and delights in "tolling-in" the ducks. At four in the morning the seekers after canvas-backs are rowed down to the "blind," which is the name for "any sort of artificial concealment, placed at an advantageous point upon the shore. They generally consist of a seat in a sort of a box or shelter, some four feet deep, and capable of containing three or four persons and a couple of dogs. They are thoroughly covered up with pine-branches and young pine-trees, and communicate with the shore by a path similarly sheltered." The decoys are anchored in the shallow water immediately in front of the "blind." The ducks are shot as they swim to the decoys and as they fly away overhead; they are brought in by dogs carefully trained for the work, and doing their duty of their own will, without the need of any special command. "Tolling-in" is the luring of the ducks within range by means of the curious antics of a dog of another kind, also carefully trained. The sportsmen hide in a "blind" or behind the tall grass; an assistant, also hidden, throws little chips of wood first to the right and then to the left, and the "tolling" dog out on the beach, in full sight of the "bed" of ducks far out from shore, begins frisking first to the right and then to the left in playful chase of these chips. The curiosity of the ducks, thus scientifically aroused, brings them slowly and surely in shore and within range. Mr. Laffan tells us that "the canvas-back has the bump of inquisitiveness more largely developed than any other wild variety" of bird, and that "another way of 'tolling' ducks, said to be very effectual, is with a gorgeous red-and-yellow bandana handkerchief, waved above the grass and rushes on a stick." This does not speak highly for the intelligence of the canvas-back.

As to the cooking of the canvas-back there are two opinions—or rather there is the greatest possible variety of opinion in regard to the duration of that operation. There are those who declare that the canvas-back cannot be too little cooked, and that to carry it three times round a hot kitchen is quite sufficient. But these are Radicals. Yet the fact remains that the canvas-back can be and generally is over-cooked; and an over-cooked canvas-back is no better than any barnyard duck. Mr. Laffan scarcely overstates the case when he says that, if the canvas-back is allowed to remain in the oven five minutes too long, it is unfit for the table. "A good, quick oven will cook a full-sized duck in twenty-two minutes. It should never remain in over twenty-five. After a duck is picked and drawn, it should be simply wiped dry. Water should never touch it, and it should be fairly seasoned before going to the fire. When done the bird should be placed in pairs in hot, dry dishes. There is no need to prepare a gravy; immediately they are cut they will fill the dish with the richest gravy that ever was tasted." Hominy-cakes, fried to a tempting brown, are as indispensable adjuncts to the canvas-back as is the Yorkshire pudding to the roast beef of Old England; they serve the same purpose and they should be served in the same way. In one of the earliest and one of the best American manuals of sport, *The Dog and the Sportsman*, by J. S. Skinner (Philadelphia, 1845), there is given a recipe for the cooking of the canvas-back, which is copied into *Sport with Gun and Rod*, and which it may be well to copy here again:—

HOW TO COOK A CANVAS-BACK.—Take it as soon after the "lenden messenger" brings it down as possible, even while it is yet warm, if it can be so, and cook it in a "tin kitchen," turning and basting it frequently with a gravy composed in the bottom of the oven with a little water and a grain of salt and its own dripping. The fire should be a brisk one

(hickory the best), so that it may be done "to a turn" in twenty-five or at most thirty minutes. Serve it up immediately in its own gravy, with a dish of nice, well-boiled (and then fried) milk-white hominy.

The American cook has learned wisdom within the last forty years, and Mr. Laffan's advice in regard to time and the use of water strikes us as sounder than Mr. Skinner's. Mr. Laffan gives us also excellent suggestions as to the carving of the properly cooked canvas-back—advice much needed, we fear, by those who have never tasted the duck on his native shore. "Slicing the bird is unheard of. The two-pronged fork is inserted diagonally astride the breast-bone, and the knife lays half of the bird on each side, leaving the 'carcass' on the fork between. The triangle of meat an inch thick comprised between the leg and the wing, with its apex at the back and its base at the breast, is considered the most delicious morsel of meat that exists." As this is the only way of carving the canvas-back to advantage, it follows that the proper allowance of ducks for a dinner is one to every two guests, that each guest may have a breast. Of course if the dinner is very simple and brief, and especially if the diners are mostly of the sterner sex, this allowance may be doubled, and every man may have a bird of his own. There is a host in New York who is fond of the national game of the United States—poker—and who gives little poker-parties, preceded by an appropriate dinner. As it happens, poker can best be played by either six or five—whence its occasional nickname, "Five-handed Whist." The host seats his five guests about a round-table. Before every man is a plate with a dozen oysters. Behind every man is an ice-packed bottle of the dry champagne he affects. The oysters are succeeded by terrapin. Then a canvas-back is put before every guest, and one or two more are held in reserve for any man with an appetite. Afterward comes a *mayonnaise* of celery; then the sable waiter serves a little fruit and a cheese; finally, there is a cup of coffee, after which the table is cleared for action, and the search for four aces follows the tasting of terrapin and the carving of canvas-backs. To an American of proper views nothing could be better than the entertainment here offered; terrapin, canvas-backs, and poker, these are the highest of subliminary delights. We recommend them to Mr. Walter Besant.

A SHOW À LA WIERTZ.

WHOEVER visits the *Salon Parisien*, 160 New Bond Street, may well believe he has strayed into the secret haunts of a professor of magic and be seriously apprehensive of witnessing rites which it were better to avoid. There are the dazzling cross-lights of blazing gas, the profound darkness of mazy passages, the curtained daylight, the lugubrious hangings, and all the distracting circumstances of last year's show. Beyond the devious ways that have first to be threaded lies a dim avenue of illuminated cabinets, some open or partly draped, others wholly closed, on whose grim fronts are fixed various strange masks, through the mouth or eyes of which streams a light that seems to lure the visitor to sights unholy. In this temple of mystery are many shrines, where repose in solitary state the masterpieces of M. Van Beers, M. Verlat, M. Lehoux, M. Aublet, and other representatives of the march of the artistic mind in Antwerp, Brussels, and Paris. The naturalistic movement in art, which apes the methods of realism and takes its honest name in vain, was never before so flaunted in an English gallery. The whole show is set forth with a display of artifice in lighting and decoration that is whimsically incongruous with the profession and aims of realism. Realism, indeed, has no need of trickery or bedizenment, and may fearlessly confront the broad day on bare walls. Hitherto our Nanas and the like have been presented in befitting isolation. Here we have not one, but several nudities, combined with quite a banquet of horrors, and, it is true, a few works of serious artistic intention. The sensational element in the show—illustrated by M. Lehoux's "Bertrand de Born" (34) and Mr. Solomon's "Life" (35) and "Death" (37)—differs only in degree from the waxwork devices at Mme. Tussaud's; while akin to these on another plane of technical skill is M. Verlat's "Golgotha" (1). The fullest recognition of the power of M. Verlat's picture cannot tempt us into any puerile lamentations for its nauseating brutality. The benevolent hopes it has inspired in certain critics are worse than futile. M. Verlat is no young and hardy adventurer in the fields of art; he is the director of the Antwerp Academy, a leader of acknowledged influence, and it were an impertinence to deduce from the technical merits of the "Golgotha" that he may yet treat religious or poetic themes in any other spirit than that of M. Zola. If it be urged that the painter has merely protested against certain conventions imposed on art by religious sentiment, and, in fact, that the "Golgotha" accords with the art theory of pure realism, the objection is completely refuted by the "Calvary" of M. Munkacsy. That impressive work is the fullest exposition of realism; it ignores alike the traditions and conventions of the masters, without affronting the sensibilities or wounding the conscience of humanity. The revolting excesses with which the "Golgotha" reeks suggest an incident in *Salammô*, and are not due to patient research in historic veracity. The painter who can find nothing more in the Gospel narrative of the Crucifixion—to which the Catalogue shamelessly refers—than an incentive to reproduce the horrors of the *abattoir* or the torture-chamber degrades art and profanes a sacred theme.

The central room, devoted to the brilliant character-studies of M. Van Beers and the terra-cotta figures of M. Van der Straeten,

forms a grateful breathing-space in a trying series of shocks and surprises. Between the studio-models, the mashers, the pierrots of the painter and the sculptor's "Pierrette" (27) and "Danseuse" (28) and "Clown" (29) there is a natural accord, though the triviality of the latter is more pronounced. The skill of M. Van Beers reaches its highest expression in the vivacious figure of a blonde beauty seated in a studio, clad in a furry robe, entitled "Really" (18), in the Rubens-like quality of the plump and jolly "Bacchus" (19), and in the sly humour and searching characterization of "Don Basilio" (20). In "The Awakening Beauty" (26), the *chef-d'œuvre* of M. Van Beers, the flesh-painting of the reclining figure is finely harmonized with the delicate rosy greys and pale pearly tones of the bewildering accessories of costume; the textures of the feather-robe, in which the figure is half buried, of the silks, feather fan, and a multitude of details display the most finished workmanship. M. Aublet's "La Baigneuse" (38) is a Salon picture of no extraordinary merit—a study of the nude after the model, and of no very refined forms. "La Gloire" (33) of M. Rixens is a commonplace version of a trite theme, very frankly Parisian. It shows a weary poet—the Gallic type of the *homme moyen sensuel*—seduced by the blandishments of Glory, a substantial winged figure whose embrace seems to threaten the sleeping poet with strangulation. The dull and awkward conception is worked out with a good deal of vigour. Honoured with a special niche, M. Lehoux's "Bertrand de Born" (34) is viewed through the mouth of a fantastic mask. It is intended to depict one of the most ghastly visions in the *Inferno*—the moment when Virgil and Dante encounter the form of Bertrand de Born holding aloft his decapitated head. In spite of the dexterous lighting and of the trick of focussing the point of view, the result is merely to shock, without for a moment deluding the senses. There is nothing Dantesque in the conception, not a trace of imaginative power, not the least sympathy with the mediæval grotesque of the poem; it is a clever illusion of the kind common to conjurers' entertainments or the peep-show of a wax-works exhibition. One more horror—the "Dernier Jour des Rois de Jérusalem" (6), a hideous trophy in plaster and wood by Signor Biondi—might have served as a stimulant to M. Verlat. A considerable number of paintings that invite study are so unfortunately placed and so confusedly lighted it is impossible to do them justice. Among these are M. Aublet's curious "Cérémonie des Derviches" (3), Signor Noni's "Le Matin du Dimanche" (5), and an attractive series of landscapes by M. Van Beers that are fine in colour and richly suggestive. A large picture by M. Slingeneer, of the last days of Pompeii, has some movement and passion, though the composition is much more confused than the subject warrants.

THE SALVATIONISTS.

THERE is a good deal of detailed information about the Salvation Army and its "General" in the short paper on the subject contributed by Mr. Francis Peek to the *Contemporary Review* of this month, and in this its chief interest consists. Of his somewhat enthusiastic and decidedly one-sided estimate of the religious benefits of the movement we shall have a word to say presently. Meanwhile we quite agree with him that it is well to have a distinct apprehension of its nature and origin and of the history of its founder; and what he has to tell on these points will probably be in great part new to many of his readers. It appears that Mr. Booth worked for some years in various towns of England as a mission preacher of the Methodist New Connexion, during which time he converted several hundreds of unbelievers, fifteen of whom entered the ministry in different sects. But when in 1861 the Methodist Conference required him to accept a local pastorate in lieu of roving mission work, he dissolved his connexion with that body, "and determined, in conjunction with Mrs. Booth, who had already commenced preaching, to carry on an evangelistic mission independent of any established Church"—meaning, we presume, of any organized Christian community. Four years later he began preaching, in the open air or in buildings hired for the purpose, in various parts of the East End of London, but it was not till 1875 that what he called "the Christian Mission" was consolidated into its present shape, and in 1878 its name was changed to "the Salvation Army," and a code of military "orders and regulations" drawn up, framed on the model of the discipline of the British Army. In its central idea and in some of its details there is, we may observe in passing, a close resemblance between the Salvationist and the Jesuit organization. Ignatius Loyola, who had been a soldier before his conversion, organized the great Society he founded on a strict system of military subordination, and placed it, like the Salvation Army, under the absolute control of a "General," whose word is law. Next in command to the Salvationist General comes his "Chief of the Staff," who carries out his directions concerning the appointment of inferior officers, finance, supplies, &c. The whole of England is divided into "territories"—as is the world into Jesuit "provinces"—each under the rule of a "commissioner"; the territories being subdivided into "divisions" under a "colonel," the divisions into "districts" under a "major," the districts into "sections" under an "adjutant," and the sections into "stations" under "captains" and "lieutenants." There are also "sergeants" and other officers of lower grade, all of whom alike are compelled to wear the regulation uniform constantly, and—this is a crucial point—all commissions are liable to revocation or suspension at any

moment by the simple order of the General. It was hardly necessary for Mr. Peek to remind his readers that "an important feature in the organization is the use of instrumental music"; most people have long since discovered that to their cost. It should be added that the officers are both male and female, and that married officers receive a higher stipend than unmarried and male than female, the highest salary being 150*l.* a year paid to the Chief of the Staff. The General receives no fixed salary, but has of course absolute control of the fund collected, which is a considerable one. A balance-sheet is published every year, and the total amount raised and expended during 1884 was 74,665*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, the Army containing during that period 2,332 officers or paid evangelists, employed in 637 stations at home and abroad, and 570 village missions. As regards the teaching given Mr. Peek rather inconsistently tells us on one page that all their doctrines may be found in the Book of Common Prayer, and on the next page that "these doctrines are essentially those taught by Wesley and Whitfield." We had certainly been under the impression that Wesley and Whitfield insisted on some doctrines, such as sudden conversion, which are no doubt taught by the Salvationists, but which it would not be easy to discover in the English Prayer Book. Moreover Mr. Peek assures us, quite correctly, that "the Salvationists acknowledge neither Creeds nor Sacraments," and we had always imagined that the Prayer Book acknowledged both. If any credit attaches to Keble's statement, in the preface to the *Christian Year*, that "a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion" is one chief "merit of our Liturgy," it would be difficult to conceive a stronger contrast than that between Anglican teaching and Salvationist. Mr. Peek is probably right in suggesting that one principal cause of the success of the movement is the obligation laid on all members of the Army "to be personally occupied in the work of saving others," which indeed, rather than the cultivation of personal holiness, appears to be the main or sole duty imposed on new converts, and of course it is a much more exciting one. No doubt too another cause of success may be found in "the tone of thought and modes of expression" adopted, to which we shall return presently. They have also had the advantage of some mild "persecution," which always helps any cause, though it cannot be maintained in this case that the persecution was unprovoked. And we can readily believe that the enlistment of so much "female power and enthusiasm in their service" has also given an impetus to the movement. There is yet another incentive—to our mind a more than questionable one—to joining their ranks, which shall be described in Mr. Peek's words:—

The system of inviting, from sinners who have been converted, public testimony to the change from misery to happiness experienced since conversion, often produces great effect upon their late comrades, especially as their appearance confirms the truth of what they assert; for one striking feature in the Salvation Army is, that its members as a rule appear full of happiness and enter into their religious exercises with a delight which proves that they are a source of real enjoyment.

But while we are substantially agreed with Mr. Peek as to the main causes of Salvationist success, we are by no means prepared to endorse his eulogy on the religious and moral benefits of the movement. Certainly "every real Christian, and every real philanthropist, must rejoice in the thought of the vast number," if such there be, "of intemperate, profane, wicked, and licentious persons who have been converted by means of the Salvation Army to temperance, virtue, and the fear of God." That is only one side of the shield, though it is the only one to which Mr. Peek appears to have directed his gaze. To remark that "their language grates upon the ear" of cultured persons is true enough, but is a very small part of the indictment adducible against them. It is true enough, too, that "there is much defective in their system from the point of view of the older Churches," not to add from the point of view of the Sermon on the Mount. But neither is their scheme only open to criticism for its defectiveness. If so, we might be content merely to say with the writer—what Mr. Booth and his votaries would probably not be at all willing to allow—that its mission is a temporary one, and will have been fulfilled when "the older Churches" have been awakened to a higher enthusiasm of unselfish love. But that is a wholly inadequate statement of the case on the other side. Mr. Peek casually mentions that a large profit is derived from the sale of "the Army paper, *The War Cry*," and we presume he has seen *The War Cry*. At all events we have seen it as well as its supplementary organ, which he does not mention at all, *The Little Soldier*. Now a very slight study would probably suffice to convince our readers that the language of *The War Cry* is something worse than "coarse and unattractive to more cultured minds." The same style of expression to be sure is not suitable for addressing a congregation in Belgravia and in Whitechapel, and every sensible preacher, Anglican or other, will bear in mind this obvious distinction. But at the same time there is such a thing as levelling down instead of levelling up, and it is quite possible to vulgarize religion in the effort to elevate the religious tone of the masses. The very motto of *The War Cry*, "Blood and Fire"—which is explained to mean the blood of Atonement and fire of the Holy Ghost—is most offensive in such a connexion to pious as well as cultivated minds. And what is to be said of hymns like one quoted, not by Mr. Peek but by a former writer, if our memory serves us, in the same magazine:—

Elijah was a jolly old man, who went up to heaven in a fiery van;
Let us try to be each of us a jolly old man, and go up to heaven in a fiery van. &c.

It would be only too easy to multiply citations, both from *The War Cry* and from Salvationist hymns and preachments of a still more "grating" kind. But we forbear. There is an additional charge to be preferred against *The Little Soldier*, which is, or was—we have not seen it very lately—full of such stuff as this; "Emma, five years old, hopes you will pray for her unconverted parents"—"Sarah, who is six, is very uneasy about mother, sees some tokens father is turning his heart to God, and is trying to soften his heart and stop him smoking"—"Susan, aged eight, asks prayers for Tom (ten), who is a naughty bad boy, and laughs at the Salvationists, and drinks beer," &c. Now of course it is possible that these zealous young ladies may be models of piety and humility, and their parents godless drunkards and blasphemers, and Tom a naughty and what school-girls call "a nasty boy," who swears, and drinks, and is damaging his health by a premature indulgence in tobacco. But it is at least equally possible that these embryo she evangelists may be simply a set of precocious little prigs, and it is anyhow certain that the direct tendency of their method of evangelization is to promote priggishness—not to say pride—rather than piety in themselves, and not at all to convert their erring relatives. And the same holds good still more of the "public testimony" of conversion and glowing confession of their previous life of sin, rapturously declaimed from the platform by Hallelujah Sally and Salvation Bill.

On the female preaching we do not propose to dwell at length here. We are aware that the Salvationists have not a monopoly of that article in the present day, and that Mrs. Booth is reported to be a much better preacher than her husband. And we have no doubt at all that a great many "he-girls" are attracted to the Army by the prospect of mounting the rostrum. Whether the attraction is a salutary one is another question, and it will occur to many old-fashioned people that Mr. Booth and his wife are in this matter at direct issue with St. Paul, but it is a fashion with modern religionists to assume that "they didn't know everything down in Judee," and in their disapproval of female preaching "the older Churches" are supposed to be quite behind the age. That is too wide a discussion to enter upon here. Nor do we intend to criticize the Salvationist theology, which, if we are not much mistaken, owes its special fascination to peculiarities, *pace* Mr. Peek, not to be found in "the Book of Common Prayer." There is one point however, passed over in politic silence by his panegyrist, which nobody can afford to ignore who wishes rightly to appraise the claims of Mr. Booth and his associates to be accepted as moral and religious benefactors of the world. We have no desire to recall a most unsavoury subject, but when our verdict is challenged for the enterprising Mr. Booth, it is impossible to forget the active part he took in the disgraceful business for which Mr. Stead and two of his friends were sent to gaol; and for which he has himself—so far as we are aware—expressed no sort of compunction. It would not indeed be just to hold the Salvationists personally responsible for the conduct of their leader, but in forming our estimate of a movement which is nothing if not moral and religious, it is both just and inevitable that we should take into account the line of action pursued and acknowledged by the autocratic head and author of the movement in the name of religion and morality. All who are not prepared to commend, or at least freely to condone, the conduct of those engaged in the production of the "Armstrong Case," and of the loathsome propaganda to support which it was deliberately concocted, have one conclusive reason, at all events, for regarding with the gravest suspicion the whole evangelizing process carried on under the auspices of Mr. Booth. If the Salvationists and their allies of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are indeed the legitimate guardians of public morality, *quis custodiet custodes?*

ST. EMILION.

ON the 2nd of June, 1793, seven of the leading Girondists—the deputies of the Gironde—thrust out of the National Convention, proscribed, and condemned to death, took refuge in the house of one Mme. Bouquet at St. Emilion. She was sister to one of them—Guadet. During the daytime they remained hid in a cavity deep-down in the rock on which the town is built; the only access to it was by descending thirty feet into a well by the well-rope. The brothers of the Christian Doctrine, who inhabit the house, have cut a staircase down to this celebrated cave, and it is now easily reached. At night the refugees used to ascend and sup in Mme. Bouquet's house. Thus they lived for seven months, and the corner of this grotto where Louvet wrote his *Memoirs* by lamplight—not the *Memoirs* of Faublas, which were a freak of his youth—is still shown by the brothers. As the months wore on the situation became impossible, and the Girondists, in desperation, left their retreat. Three were soon caught, and guillotined at Bordeaux; and the others, pitilessly tracked from place to place, were at last found in the fields, dead of hunger and exhaustion, and half-eaten by wolves. The persistence of local political traditions was remarkable in the elections of last October, when the Moderate Republican list headed the poll, the Radicals being nowhere, and the Conservatives scoring some seven votes to every winning eight. The Terror is not forgotten in the Gironde.

The town of St. Emilion, perched on an eminence which commands the country round, lies on the right bank of the Dordogne, just inside the borders of Guienne, and outside those of Saintonge.

From the grotto, where the sainted hermit who bestowed his name lived in the eighth century, to the subterranean rock-cut church, everything is strange, and old, and legendary. It was fortified for the last time a thousand years ago with thick walls and towers, and a ditch quarried out of the solid rock. The ruins of these fortifications, and of the Château du Roi—our John of England—form the chief sights of the place. The entrance to the almost unique church is by a dark passage, also cut through the rock, and flanked by rock-hewn tombs. The interior is 106 feet long, by 46 wide and 53 high; with a nave and two aisles; the vault being supported by eight stout columns, bearing traces of lozenge-carving. It is ascribed to the sixth century, on the strength of an inscription on one of the pillars, and a find of gold coins of Popin le Bref. Above it is a church whose spire is earlier than the eleventh century, but restored and enlarged since then. Besides being a fortified town, St. Emilion was also abbatial, and was crowded with monasteries, chapels, and cloisters, all now also in ruins, and some covered with ivy, and even with forest trees. This ancient ecclesiastical character of the town accounts, perhaps, for its well-known bell-foundry, if not also for the macaroons for which it is famed. These may date from the time of the comfit-loving Moors, who have left their mark behind them in the flesh as well as in the stones of the town, as is still to be detected here and there in the faces of the inhabitants.

The Saint himself was a man of remarkable morals. They still tell that, while employed in the household of the Count de la Ville, he freely gave of his master's substance to the poor, exhibiting thus early one of the modern cynical definitions of charity. One day the Count caught him with his gown full of loaves of bread, and said, "What have you got there?" Upon which the Saint, being a man of ready wit, and knowing that charity covers a multitude of them, replied, "Only a few sticks for the poor beggars," thereupon showing an armful of worthless wood. But when he got to his beggars all the sticks, of course, had turned back again into long loaves. Naturally a miracle of this kind could not remain hid, and ere long even the poor pillaged Count himself was driven to the loudest admiration.

The Consul and poet Ausonius, who was born at Bordeaux A.D. 309, retired in his latter days to the neighbourhood of the town, and sent the wine of his own vineyards to the Emperor Gratianus, whose teacher and friend he had been. The place where he died is still shown, and the second on the list of the St. Emilion vineyards even now bears the name of the cru Ausone. The wine of St. Emilion has always been popular in the North of Europe, especially in England. Our 2nd and 3rd Edwards were very fond of it, and Charles VII., Louis XII., Francis I., and Louis XIV. would always have it "on their tables." And it wanted this help against the jealousy of the Médoc and of Bordeaux, by which it has always been left out in the cold. This "two of a trade" antagonism has lasted down to our own days, Bordeaux having refused to allow St. Emilion to be shown in the Paris Exhibition of 1867 under the general classification of "Bordeaux Wines." In 1289, when the country was but little cultivated, and indeed almost covered with forests, our Edward I., in whose reign an importation of St. Emilion to London is noted in Maddox's *History of the Exchequer*, by letters patent issued at Condat, defined the jurisdiction of the town as comprising nine parishes; and six of these have since merged in the five communes now recognized as the St. Emilion wine district, which consists of a succession of slopes or downs parallel to the Dordogne at a distance of about two miles from the river. These downs run east and west for five miles, and cover a breadth of about two, making some ten square miles, which, before the advent of the phylloxera, produced 250,000 gallons of first crus, and double that quantity of second-class wines. The soil consists of clayey and gravelly sand, resting on clay or rock; and the slopes facing the south and east give the best wines, which sell at from 600f. to 1,400f. the tonneau, and have sometimes gone as high as 2,000f.

St. Emilion is a warm generous wine, with a perfume of its own and plenty of body. When ripe it ought to have a fine colour which, though dark, is brilliant and velvety, and a suspicion of roughness which just rouses the palate. Later on, this fades off, and the wine becomes perfectly soft, with an admirable bouquet of its own. It has been called the Burgundy of the Bordeaux country, and that is not a bad name for it, meeting halfway, as it does, the good wines of the Médoc and those of Bourgogne. St. Emilion gains in excellence up to ten years in bottle, is in perfection up to twenty years of age, and will last forty or fifty.

The leading cru is Château Bel-Air, where the ancient buildings are backed by the rock, in which vast cellars have been excavated. Not far from St. Emilion—in the commune of St. Sulpice de Faleyrens, where the wines called "Sables St. Emilion" are produced—is the dilapidated Château de Lescours, which can show a roll of notable occupants of the times gone by. Our English Talbots, Henri the Bearnais, Marguerite de Valois, and such minor celebrities as the Ducs d'Alençon, de Mayenne, and d'Épernon, have all dwelt there and left traditions in the country. The commune of St. Etienne-de-Lisse, one of the nine parishes above referred to, produces the wines known in the trade as St. Estéphe-St. Emilion. On the best gravelly plots of the same slopes is made the wine of Pomerol, which has secured an independent, if modest, name for itself, as being softer and less alcoholic, and therefore sooner ripe, than the St. Emilion, with which and the

cru bourgeois of the Médoc its 125,000 gallons are ranked by the experts.

Some seven miles below St. Emilion, in an angle formed by the Dordogne and its affluent, the Isle, is Fronsac, which gives its name to the Fronsadais district, where a considerable quantity of the best ordinary wines—grands ordinaires, selling at 400f. to 450f. the tonneau—are produced. The town of Fronsac is commanded by a conical hill called the Tertre, whereon, it is said, Charlemagne built a fortress in 770, which he called Franciacus. Later on it was one of our frontier posts when we held Guienne, and thence "le brave et beau Dunois" evicted us in that shameful year of 1453, the garrison being allowed to leave the country, each soldier bearing in his hand a cudgel (bâton) only. Subsequently the castle was held sometimes by local nobles, sometimes by those of the Court, who, like the Rhine robbers, made use of it to tyrannize over the district. The worst of these brigands was one D'Argilemont, one of whose pastimes was to sink the passing wine-barges on the Dordogne if they did not bring to on the first warning. Louis XIII. caught him at last, and he was beheaded red-handed at Bordeaux on the 22nd of September, 1620. The old castle was then demolished.

THE DANGERS OF OVERHEAD WIRES.

THE late snowstorms and gales have again brought the dangers of overhead wires prominently before the London public, and most of the daily papers have published column after column of letters on the subject, many of which have shown sound common sense and a considerable insight into the problems involved in considering the possible remedies. Though we have not the dangers always brought home to us as we have had in the course of the last fortnight, this is a subject which is agitated at intervals in the public press, but as yet without any practical result. Unfortunately for this purpose, the English public as a body do not readily take up a condition of panic about personal safety; and, unfortunately for all purposes, will not act strenuously, however important the question, unless some sentimental grievance is broached or some influential or demagogic people will form a "League" or an "Army" or an "Association," or in some other way hoist a flag and say, "Rally round the banner." In all soberness, every one who has to move about the streets of London is in constant danger of death or mutilation from a perfectly preventable cause; but, unfortunately, there is no power in the State to remove the danger or prevent it in the future. The whole matter lies in a nutshell, as the lawyers have it, and could be set right in a very few weeks or months by proper legislation, preceded by an official inquiry on a few technical points. Of course, if all wires can be placed underground, the question is simplicity itself; and, were London provided with subways, there need be no discussion about the matter. But, even without such subways, it can be done for telegraphic purposes at not too great a cost within metropolitan distances, and the Post Office authorities are gradually, though, all things considered, rapidly, getting the greater part of the telegraph wires through London carried underground. But when we come to telephonic communication we have to face a very different question. In the case of telegraphs we have only to exchange the cost of poles and insulators for the expense of underground piping and insulation of the whole wire; but in the case of telephones we have to consider that, where overhead one bare wire will do the work, underground two wires coated with insulating material are wanted. Thus the first question to be inquired into is, what is the importance to the public of telephonic communication, and is it right in the interest of the State to hamper this already overweighed industry with such a great additional money burden as would be entailed upon it by a prohibition of all overhead wires in towns? It would then be desirable to see under what conditions over-house wires could be made safe. Now we have little doubt but that the answer to these questions would be, that an underground telephone system would be so expensive as practically to deprive all large towns of the advantages which London tastes and which most Continental cities freely enjoy; and that under certain, by no means too expensive, conditions over-house wires can be made practically safe. To ensure this safety it would be necessary to legislate in two directions; on the one hand, to give power to those who require to run such wires, and, on the other hand, to bind them hard and fast by proper regulations and restrictions. As to the first side of the question, there is at present no way of obtaining the right to run wires over housetops at all, and the Telephone Companies and others have to erect their lines by the grace and favour of those on whose property they desire to fix their poles. These persons naturally refuse leave when they please, or charge very highly for the right of fixing the poles; with the result that often, in order to cross a street less than a hundred feet wide, it becomes necessary to put up a span of five or six hundred feet of unsupported wire. On the other hand, when once the permission is obtained and the wire is placed over the roadway, there is no power in the land to insist upon its removal or alteration, however dangerous it may be. The united Vestries of the metropolitan district have considered the question, and have had to remain quiet in the face of the recent decision that the old doctrine, *usque ad casum*, does not apply to roads, because the Vestries do not own the soil, but only keep the roadway in order. No other public bodies seem even to hope for

authority in the matter. Surely this is a state of things calling for legislation. If, where it could be shown that the running of over-house wires was for the public advantage, those who proposed the scheme could mark out a suitable route, subject to objections from the owners and occupiers of the houses, and, in fact, be put in the same position as Railway Companies, only with simpler and cheaper machinery than the Parliamentary procedure required for the larger interests involved in railway schemes, then reasonable spans could be insisted on; and, further, if the Board of Trade were empowered to make rules and regulations as to the erection and periodical mechanical testing of such wires as they now do for the construction and working of railways, we believe that all danger would disappear. For there is no more reason why properly designed overhead telegraph wire should give way in a snowfall or ordinary gale than there is that a railway-bridge should break down under similar circumstances. We have said that we believe that a safe overhead system would be cheaper for telephonic purposes than an underground system. If this should not be the case, all wires should be at once put underground in all large towns. But should the overhead system be found, under proper precautions, to be permissible, stringent regulations should be made for the removal of all disused wires; for it is to these "derelict wires," as the writer of a letter to the *Times* calls them, that much danger and damage have lately been due.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF 1885.

TO the very end the foreign trade of last year compared with that of the year before continued to decrease. The value of the imports was 373,834,000*l.*, a decrease of 15,940,000*l.*, or about 4 per cent. But the material thing is that the decrease was chiefly in the raw materials of manufacture. The raw materials for textile manufacture amounted in value to 73,649,000*l.*, a decrease of as much as 12,653,000*l.*, or over 15 per cent. The raw materials for sundry industries amounted in value to 38,808,000*l.*, a decrease of 2,173,000*l.*, or about 5½ per cent. The decreases under these two heads amounted to about 14½ millions sterling in value out of a total of a little under 16 millions sterling; roughly, that is, nearly seven-eighths of the total decrease was in the raw materials of manufacture. This proves very clearly how depressed was the manufacturing industry throughout the year. Manufacturers, receiving little or no profit, bought less from other countries of the raw materials of their industry. They not only diminished, therefore, the out-turn of their factories, but they gave less employment to the working classes. In many cases, of course, workpeople must have been dismissed, but in the majority of instances they were put upon short time; and thus not only was the capital invested in trade insufficiently employed, but the labour of the country was in the same position. And the unsatisfactory state of things shown by the returns of the imports is augmented by the fact that, while the raw materials of manufacture bought from other countries were so considerably less, there was an increase in articles of food and drink, duty free, amounting in value to about three-quarters of a million. It is true that articles of food and drink, dutiable, show a decrease of over half a million; but articles of food and drink of both classes show a net increase of about a quarter of a million; in other words, while the raw materials of manufacture show a decrease of 14½ millions in value, food and drink imports increased. That is to say, we are becoming more and more dependent upon other countries for our sustenance. If this were the case because the soil of the country was producing all that it is capable of yielding, and yet was insufficient for the proper nourishment of the people, there would be nothing to regret. On the contrary, it would be a matter of unmixt satisfaction that, even in years of depressed trade, the population was so well off as to be able to increase its purchases from other countries of the necessities of life. But it is notorious that the soil of the country is capable of producing very much more than it actually yields. It is, therefore, a serious matter that, while the home production is not increasing, and in some branches of agriculture is very greatly decreasing, we are augmenting year by year, even in times of depression, our purchases from abroad. It is a remarkable fact, we may note by the way, that last year we largely increased our imports of wheat. The price of wheat was lower than it has been for over a century. The home harvest was fairly good, and the two preceding home harvests were also good. We began the year, therefore, with a larger stock of wheat upon hand than usual, and yet we imported 14½ million cwt. of wheat more than the year before, and the value of the imports exceeded those of 1884 by as much as 4½ millions sterling. It is noteworthy, too, that for the first time the imports from India exceeded the imports from Russia. For some time after the repeal of the Corn-laws Russia was our greatest source of supply; but Russia has long since been distanced by the United States, and now Russia is beaten even by India. India, it is true, is not much ahead; but it is remarkable that a country which only a few years ago was quite incapable of at all exporting wheat to Europe has in the past year supplied us with more of the cereal than Russia itself. The increase in the wheat imports affords remarkable evidence of the influence of low prices in giving new uses to articles of food.

The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufacture last year amounted to 213,031,407*l.*, a decrease on the year before of 19,993,835*l.*, or a little over 8½ per cent. It will

be observed that the falling off in the exports is very much greater, proportionately, than that in the imports. And it may be added that, whereas in three months of the year there were increases in the value of the imports, every month of the twelve showed decreases in the exports. The record of the export trade, then, seems to be even more unfavourable than that of the import trade. As we shall point out by-and-by, however, this is not altogether correct. Still it is far from satisfactory to find month after month an unvarying and unbroken record of declining exports, and it is the less satisfactory because 1884 showed a decrease compared with 1883, and 1883 showed a small decrease compared with 1882. For three successive years, that is, the value of the exports has been declining. In actual amount the greatest falling off last year is in yarns and textile fabrics. Their value amounted to 101,871,000*l.*, showing a decrease of 7,992,933*l.*, or not far short of 8 per cent. Next in amount is the falling off in the metals and articles manufactured therefrom. The value of this item was 31,726,000*l.*, and the decrease is as much as 5,451,000*l.*, or nearly 15 per cent. Next come machinery and mill-work, valued at 11,074,651*l.*, and showing a decrease of 1,998,813*l.*, or over 15 per cent. We saw in discussing the imports that the chief falling off was in the raw materials of manufacture. We see here a corresponding falling off in manufactured articles. Yarns and textile fabrics, metals and articles manufactured therefrom, machinery and mill-work, all show large decreases. In the case of the textiles, there is a falling off in quantity of about 25,000,000 lbs. in cotton yarns, and in value of about 2 millions sterling. In cotton piece goods there is a falling off in quantity of about 43,000,000 yards, and in value of over 3½ millions sterling. But the falling off in the imports of raw cotton is greater. It would seem as if the fall in silver had a greater effect in checking the purchases of raw cotton than in diminishing the exports of the manufactured article. Probably orders had been placed with manufacturers which had to be executed; but in consequence of the fall in silver the profits were so reduced, or were so completely made away with, that the purchases of raw cotton were immediately lessened. It is possible, too, that the stock of raw cotton on hand at the beginning of the year was so large that the falling off in the demand for manufactures naturally led to a greatly diminished import. In any case the fact is remarkable that the fall in silver, while it had undoubtedly a very adverse effect upon the Lancashire cotton trade, has not reduced the exports of the manufactured article to the Far East in the proportion that was expected—as yet at least. In the case of woollen yarn there is an increase in the exports; but there is a decrease of nearly 9,000,000 yards in the exports of woollen fabrics, and of nearly 10,000,000 yards in those of worsted stuffs.

While the figures of the Board of Trade Returns are thus extremely unsatisfactory, the real state of our foreign trade is not quite so bad as it appears. In the first place, it is to be borne in mind that the decrease is in many articles a decrease in price only. Undoubtedly, as we have shown, there is a falling off in quantity in some of our most important industries; but in several less important industries the decrease is more a matter of price than of quantity. The fall in price is undoubtedly a very serious matter. It is not possible for manufacturers to reduce their expenditure in the same proportion; consequently, a steadily falling market makes away with the manufacturer's profits, in many cases involves him in serious losses, and in all cases renders him less able to carry on his business. And if the prospect of a continued fall is before him, it leads many to think that it is hopeless to fight against adverse circumstances, and to retire altogether from business. But while all this is true, it is yet a matter not to be lost sight of that what we witness is a depression due to a fall in prices—that there is no such shrinkage in the quantity of trade done as would imply loss of business—and that what we are suffering from all our competitors have likewise to face. But, furthermore, it is a somewhat encouraging circumstance that, in the case of the exports at any rate, there has been a less proportionate falling off as the months went on compared with the corresponding months of the year before. April showed a decrease of 12½ per cent., and May a decrease of more than 13½ per cent. Even in October the decrease was 8½ per cent.; in November it fell to 7 per cent., and in December it was only 3½ per cent. It would seem, therefore, that while trade continued to decline all through the year, the decline was at a less rapid rate in the end of the year than at the beginning or in the middle. Another circumstance which is of real importance is that the tonnage of shipping with cargoes entered and cleared at the ports of the United Kingdom shows an increase last year compared with the year before. This increase began in the latter part of the year—suggesting that, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory nature of the imports and exports, there was an increase in quantity concealed by the fall in prices. For the whole year the entrances amounted to 25,664,000 tons, an increase of 967,000 tons, or somewhat over 3½ per cent. The clearances amounted to 29,317,000 tons, an increase of 44,000 tons, or less than a quarter per cent. It is true that the increase in the clearances is small, and even that in the entrances is not very large; but that there was an increase at all in both classes is significant. It is not less so that our exports to the United States in December show in several cases increases. In the latter part of the year there was an undoubted improvement in trade in the United States. The improvement, however, had hardly gone far enough to lead to very large purchases of European commodities. In the nature of things when the American people find

themselves better off they augment their purchases of European commodities, but there has hardly been time yet for a general feeling of greater prosperity to permeate the masses. All that we can expect at this early date of the revival in the United States is an increase under some headings in our dealings with that country, and a reported increase in the orders placed with our manufacturers. Now we find in our exports to the United States for December an increase of 847,000 lbs. of jute yarn, an increase of 255,000 yards of linen manufactures, an increase of 39,000 lbs. of linen yarn, an increase of 8,000 yards of silk manufactures, an increase of 107,000 yards of woollen fabrics, an increase of 1,558,000 yards of worsted fabrics, an increase of 5,000 yards of carpets, an increase of 8,000 lb. of hardware, an increase of 3,000 tons of pig iron, and an increase of 100 tons of bar iron. We might continue the list, but it would not add much to the significance of the figures here given. It is enough to say that already there are symptoms, even in the Board of Trade Returns, of increased purchases of British manufactures for the United States, and it is reported that large orders have been placed with our manufacturers of steel rails by American Railroad Companies. Altogether, while the Board of Trade Returns for the past year are extremely unsatisfactory, and give little real ground for encouragement, there are indications that trade was not quite so bad at the close of the year as it had been earlier, and there is an undoubted feeling amongst the trading community that the immediate future looks much brighter.

REVIEWS.

BARON O'HAGAN'S SPEECHES.*

A COLLECTION of political and forensic speeches, delivered at intervals extending over nearly forty years, will not command many readers; but those who, from personal regard for the speaker or for any other reason, happen to make themselves acquainted with Mr. Teeling's compilation will find that it possesses literary or rhetorical merit and in some cases historical interest. The publication is a fitting memorial to an Irishman of the highest character and of considerable ability, who was also in a high degree a favourite of fortune. Lord O'Hagan is regretted by many who had opportunities of appreciating his kindly courtesy and pleasant manner in general society. His warmer attachments were probably reserved for those who shared his patriotic and religious sympathies; but his consistent and earnest devotion to his country and his Church never seemed to connect itself with party or personal bitterness. His life was eminently prosperous from the time when, at the age of twenty-three, he joined the Irish Bar. He was a respectable lawyer, and a natural gift of eloquence had been carefully cultivated under the tuition of the actor and dramatic author Sheridan Knowles. His rise in the profession was steady; and when in due time he obtained a seat in Parliament it was natural that he should become a law officer and a judge. His later promotion to the custody of the Great Seal and to a peerage of the United Kingdom was not unattended by surprise, and in one instance by undisguised jealousy. In his reply to an address from the Bar on his final retirement Lord O'Hagan made the curious statement that "During the entire period of his second Chancellorship he had received equally from the Bench and the Bar the utmost courtesy and consideration." He evidently alluded to the unpleasant treatment which he had received during his former term of office from one of his colleagues. Lord Justice Christian, knowing himself to be a greater Equity lawyer than Lord O'Hagan, took every opportunity of showing his resentment at the promotion of his rival by criticizing his judgments and by exposing the Chancellor's real or supposed want of familiarity with the practice of the Court. It was only after the retirement or death of his unfriendly censor that Lord O'Hagan could express his unqualified gratitude to the Bench as well as to the Bar. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, whom Mr. O'Hagan had defended on an indictment for seditious conspiracy, describes him in his youth as beyond comparison the most popular member of the Irish Bar. "His face had," according to his enthusiastic client, "the frankness, and his bearing that unaffected grace which painters bestow upon Milton and Somers in their youth." Those who remember Lord O'Hagan in his later years have the means of forming a sufficient judgment of his early appearance. Few men had changed so little in the course of forty years. His features were regular and his expression agreeable; but few would have found any extraordinary charm in his countenance. It is unfortunate that Lord O'Hagan's name will be associated in the general memory with a measure which was the gravest mistake of his life. His apology for the ill-omened Jury Act will be found in the published volume. His opinion is condemned, not by argument, but by melancholy experience. The degradation of the character of Irish jurymen by the Act which lowered the qualification has largely contributed to the encouragement of anarchy, of intimidation, and of murder. That Lord O'Hagan's motives for introducing the Bill were upright and patriotic is but an insufficient excuse for a mischievous error.

The speeches in the present collection are divided into three

classes. Some of them were delivered at public meetings. There are speeches and arguments at the Bar, and of several Parliamentary speeches only one was made in the House of Commons. The editor is undoubtedly justified in the statement that "in his whole delivery, as well as in his language, there was ever discernible that grave earnestness which so eminently distinguished his character." On the same authority is recorded Lord O'Hagan's "consistent and unvarying devotion to the cause of the civil and religious liberties of Ireland." A similar claim preferred by many an adventurer and demagogue has created a national prejudice against professed Irish patriots; but Lord O'Hagan always kept within the limits of loyalty, from the time when he declined to join O'Connell's agitation against the Union, though one of his published speeches was addressed to the Repeal Association. At the time when the followers of O'Connell and the Young Ireland party were competing with one another in factious violence, Mr. O'Hagan confined himself to suggestions of the scheme, which has since become more familiar, of a local and subordinate Irish Parliament. As the measure has never been supported by any considerable party, its advocate was not tempted to pledge himself to doctrines which might have interfered with his subsequent employment under the Imperial Government. As he rose at the Bar he discontinued his active participation in political contests. In the House of Lords he took an active part in support of Mr. Gladstone's agrarian legislation. Although the political speeches are argumentative and forcible, it is difficult to revive the interest which exhausted itself during the controversies of five, or ten, or twenty years ago. The manner and style of Lord O'Hagan's oratorical efforts have not become equally obsolete. The composition is uniformly correct, and the periods are easy and flowing. The succession of sentences and paragraphs is continuous and sustained; and there is no attempt at epigram, antithesis, or at paradox. When some allowance is made for the necessities of oral declamation, many parts of the speeches may be read with pleasure. An involuntary reaction against eloquent attempts to convince or to persuade is a common drawback to all forms of oratory. The artist may have produced the intended effect on his audience; but the reader has more leisure to discern the fallacies which are sometimes interposed between the argument and the conclusion. In forensic speaking the critic, especially if he has professional experience, cannot but remember that the advocate was pledged beforehand to draw the inferences which seem to follow from dispassionate inquiry. Appreciation of rhetorical success may sometimes be enhanced by a perception of the difficulties which have been skilfully evaded because they could not be overcome. The grave earnestness which the editor justly attributes to Lord O'Hagan would have been out of place if it had not been confined to general principles which might be more or less applicable to the facts at issue.

One of the most eloquent speeches in the collection was delivered in 1855 in defence of the Rev. Vladimir Petcherine, a Redemptorist Father of Russian birth, who was charged with having publicly burnt a Bible and a New Testament with the intention of bringing the Authorized Version of the Scriptures into contempt. In a generation which is familiar with more serious crimes a State prosecution for burning a Bible suggests a feeling of envious surprise. That an Irish Government should be at leisure to institute such a prosecution seems not a little strange; and it would be well if all disaffected priests were as innocently, or at least as harmlessly, employed. Mr. O'Hagan, as leading counsel for the defendant, was not disposed to deny or to extenuate the gravity of the alleged offence. Believing apparently that his client was wrongfully accused, he contended with much force that the evidence was insufficient; but his main efforts were directed to the establishment of a larger proposition. Profoundly interested in the doctrines and character of his Church, he welcomed the opportunity of refuting the popular belief that the priesthood of past or present times had been hostile to the study of the Scriptures. "The Catholic Church is not the enemy of the Bible. I affirm it, and I shall prove it. She has not been its enemy. She has been the guardian of its purity and the preserver of its existence through the vicissitudes of eighteen hundred years. In the gloom of the Catacombs and the splendour of the Basilicas she cherished it with equal reverence." The same argument was maintained in a prolonged burst of indignant eloquence; and, among other authorities, Mr. O'Hagan appropriately cited Dr. Maitland's vindication of the mediæval Church against the calumnies of sectarian fanatics. He produced statistics of the publication and sale of thousands of copies of the Douay Bible; and his editor, evidently thinking that the credit of the Church was at stake, now adds a Note containing a catalogue of versions of the whole or parts of the Bible published in the vulgar tongues of various countries before the appearance of Luther's first German edition.

That the Roman Catholic Church has always regarded the Bible with reverence, and that it has in many cases promoted its circulation, may be readily admitted; but if the acquittal of the defendant was procured by the argumentative declamation of his counsel, the jury may perhaps have been inclined to misunderstand the question which they had to try. Father Petcherine during a mission held at Kingstown had required his penitents to bring in a number of immoral publications which had a large circulation in the place. The objectionable books were collected in heaps, and publicly burnt; and, according to the witnesses for the Crown, certain copies of the Authorized Version were placed at the tops of some of the piles. If the accused priest really committed the

* *Selected Speeches and Arguments of the Right Hon. Thomas, Baron O'Hagan.* Edited by George Teeling. London: Longmans & Co.

outrage, he must have intended to teach his flock that the Protestant Bible was a scandalous and disreputable book. Such a proceeding would, if it had been clearly proved, not have been the less credible because copies of the original Scriptures or of the Latin Vulgate had been reverently preserved "in the gloom of the Catacombs and in the splendour of the Basilicas." Some answers which had been given in 1825 by Roman Catholic bishops before a Parliamentary Commission were perhaps injudiciously quoted by Mr. O'Hagan, as they tend to show that insults to the Authorized Version were regarded with the mildest possible disapproval by eminent and moderate prelates. Dr. Kelly had not heard that "sixty or any number of Testaments had been thrown into the river at Ballinasloe." To a question whether he should think such an act deserving of censure, he replied that he "thought it an improper act to destroy such a book." Dr. Doyle, the most temperate and tolerant member of the Irish hierarchy, agreed that the supposed act would have been improper; but added that, "if a single individual through error or mistake did such a thing, he might overlook it, but he should think it very wrong." On the whole, if it were worth while to form a conjectural opinion on a forgotten and insignificant transaction, it seems not unlikely that a foreign monk, probably tainted with Irish prejudices, might take pleasure in burning an English Bible together with a mass of offensive French novels. An apologist would probably have argued that in proportion to the excellence of the sacred books was the guilt of translating the text in language disapproved by the Church. Father Petcherine's character and conduct are not worth the trouble of speculation; but there is still a certain interest in observing how a skilful advocate fell into the error of proving too much.

It is not only in the comparatively trivial character of a former State prosecution that the Irish difficulties of twenty or thirty years ago contrast with the desperate conflicts which are now waged between justice and crime. It happens that in several of the published speeches Lord O'Hagan has occasion to mention the profound tranquillity of Ireland. It is true that he may have been inclined to take a sanguine view of the political condition of the country; but it is not a little remarkable that his progress in the world was never interrupted by incompatibility between his strong convictions and his prosecution of a prosperous career. The Repeal agitation, the abortive insurrection of Smith O'Brien, the modern Home Rule movement passed him by; and the hierarchy with which he was intimately connected as a legal and political adviser never attempted to thwart his laudable ambition. With the Fenian movement he could in no case have sympathized. One elaborate speech expresses his cordial sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's Land Act. He did not live to witness the anarchy which has followed in order of time, if not as a sequence of cause and effect.

MRS. DYMOND AND OTHER STORIES.*

IN the present condition of English novel-writing to come across a story by Miss Thackeray has all the effect, if not of coming under the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, at any rate of coming between tall and comely hedgerows after a trudge over a dusty road between wire fencing. *Mrs. Dymond* is by no means the best tale that its author has written; and we own that we care comparatively little for its latter part, where the events of 1870-71 are brought in, and where the amiable and not undowered widow, Susanna Dymond, is bestowed upon a respectable and earnest young French Communist. If there are respectable Communists, there ought not to be, and we own to a decided opinion that English widows with dowers, if they desire to avail themselves of St. Paul's license, had better marry Englishmen. These are our sentiments; and, narrow, grovelling, anti-cosmopolitan as they may be, they cannot be changed. But the objection is not a very serious one, and it does not apply at all to the earlier, the larger, and incomparably the better portion of the book. Here all is good and agreeable; or, as Southey's friend put it much better, "necessary and voluptuous and right." We don't take a very burning interest in the characters; we don't care very much what becomes of them. But we are sure after reading two or three pages that they are human beings, and that Miss Thackeray will say about them what ought to be said and do with them what ought to be done. Nor, though our confidence in this latter respect is perhaps rather basely betrayed by the handing over of the fair Susanna to the respectable Communist, have we any other fault to find when we lay the book down. It is full of pleasant character sketches, of workmanlike and not overdone description, of good, easy, unstrained English, of unobtrusive knowledge of human nature. Speaking generally, Susanna Dymond, before she is Susanna Dymond, has a grandfather who dies suddenly, and a mother who, as a widow, has married a good-for-nothing Irish journalist, and lives in Paris. Susanna after her grandfather's sudden death goes to Paris and

meets there (as she has already met them partly before) a certain family named Dymond, whose head, Colonel Dymond, is a widower, and a very agreeable, subdued, and transferred likeness of the Colonel of Colonels. Colonel Dymond has two children, the girl Tempy (this is short, not for Tempestas, which, however, would not be a bad girl's name, but for Temperance) and the boy Jo (which is short, not for Joseph, but for Josselin). Colonel Dymond is struck with Susanna's youth, her beauty, her amiability, her unhappy home in the scrambling Bohemian household of her stepfather Marney, and proposes to her and marries her. Tempy Dymond has a lover in a certain cousin, Charles Bolsover, who is a ne'er-do-weel undergraduate, and has excited Colonel Dymond's wrath. And the Dymonds and the Bolsovers live, when they are at home, on a certain water in the Lake country, which looks very much like Coniston, though it is not called so. And some of the best scenes of the book are passed in and on the said Lake district and the said lake. Tempy is good, a great deal too good for Charles Bolsover; but then it is the theory of most lady novelists, and of some who are novelists but not ladies, that our wives and sweethearts are generally too good for us. Susanna is a little mawkish, but quite agreeable. The Colonel is charming, and should not have been thrown out of a dog-cart, for he is worth all the French Communists that ever talked nonsense and acted crime (by the way, Max du Parc did not act any crimes, but only was idiotic enough to keep company with those whom he knew to be criminals). For decidedly comic characters we have at least two, Mme. du Parc, Max's mother, and Miss Fanny Bolsover, aunt of Tempy and Jo and step sister-in-law (if there be such a relation) to the mild Susanna. Miss Fanny is a very good and not too malicious portrait of the self-indulgent, interfering, spiteful old maid who in many families, by simply making herself partly absurd and partly obnoxious, attains very nearly, if not quite, to the ruling of the roast. Miss Thackeray has shown good knowledge of human nature in making her house-tyrant ridiculous as well as oppressive. For this kind of domestic torment sucks no small advantage from the half-compassionate toleration which is accorded to her follies. Mme. du Parc is an old Scotch Frenchwoman who talks French-English in a fashion so apparently impossible for a Scotchwoman born and bred, that we feel sure she must be a study from the life. She is great fun, and we part from her as from the book with regret. Only let Miss Thackeray give no more agreeable and rich widows to French Communists. Let us, as the admirable North-British proverb has it, keep our own fish-interiors for our own seaweeds. There is no objection to an Englishman marrying any eligible young person from the inferior nations of the earth. She is the captive of his bow and his spear, and may help to improve the breed. But the contrary process is confusion, and, besides, it very rarely turns out well, as indeed might be expected.

Miss Mabel Collins's book is of a very different stamp, yet it is by no means bad of its kind. The kind is a robustious and periwig-pated kind, such as does not appeal to all readers. Lord Vanecourt's daughter is an angel; but Lord Vanecourt is not exactly to be described by that term. He is, in fact, as wicked a lord as the sternest appetite of eighteenth-century fiction readers could demand. Knowing that his daughter will come into a fortune in jewels and suchlike matters at her grandmother's death, and having a fair opportunity of compassing that death open to him, he compasses it as coolly as if he had been a baronet, and then endeavours to lay hand on the jewels. But a faithful retainer has been beforehand with him, and levants with the said jewels after a fashion perhaps more to be justified under the codes administered by Haroun-al-Raschid and the faithful Giasfar than under those which govern the proceedings in the halls that look down on the Griffin. Agatha, the daughter, knowing and horrified by her father's guilt, levants likewise, and becomes a dairymaid. There is abundant incident besides all this, and the faithful retainer, after hairbreadth 'scapes, does his mistress the last service by incurring the guilt of murder, or something like it, in addition to that of—what shall we call it? Let us call it self-constituted baileeship. The book, let it be repeated, though rather ambitious, is by no means a failure. But why does Miss Collins begin it with the curiously limited question, "What more charming sight on a fine February morning can there be than a handsome, happy young woman?" This is either our old friend the *fallacia plurimum interrogationum* or a distinct blunder. For what more charming sight is there than a handsome young woman in any month of the year, whether the morning is fine or not, and whether she is happy or not?

There are, we believe, some novel-readers, not the least assiduous supporters of circulating libraries, who rarely look at the title of a book, and still more rarely at the author's name. If any such should begin to read *Bonnyborough*, he or she will not have read long without experiencing a sense of great puzzlement. There is nothing in the first page or two which betrays anything but English "surroundings"; indeed the word "rector" which occurs looks very decidedly English. As a fact, *Bonnyborough* is American, and, as is Mrs. Adeline Whitney's wont, very American indeed. The heroine is a certain Peace Polly Schott, whom her friends to annoy her called Pease Porridge Hot. This amused her friends very much. Pease Polly "wished to live a story, but not a story of mere outside happenings. Her own story, if it began at all, would begin like a live spring somewhere away down underground." This expression is, though no doubt quite unintentionally, rather happily descriptive of the excellent author of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*. Her stories and the language in which she tells them, and

* *Mrs. Dymond*. By Miss Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1886.

Lord Vanecourt's Daughter. By Mabel Collins. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

Bonnyborough. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

The Bachelor Vicar of Newforth. By Mrs. A. Harcourt-Roe. London: Fisher Unwin. 1886.

The Radical's Daughter. By A. Peet's Son. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

the thoughts which she puts into them, always begin somewhere away down underground, and frequently, as far as the plain reader is concerned, stay there. At the end Peace Polly marries a man named Comfort, and the friends say that "it will be Peace and Comfort ever afterwards." That seems to amuse them very much too. To speak less flippantly, *Bonnyborough* is a very estimable and well-intentioned story told in a manner which is frequently rather exasperating.

However, Mrs. Whitney is decidedly to be preferred to Mrs. Harcourt-Roe, though the latter is apparently our countrywoman. *The Bachelor Vicar of Newforth* is a story of flirtations, misunderstandings, scandal against a godly parson, and so forth. There is no harm in the book, but its conversation is exceedingly unlife-like, its taste occasionally very dubious, and its incidents sometimes at the very height of improbability. It is of course possible that a man might go to a ball not too drunk to dance, and to escape any complete breakdown, and yet drunk enough to propose to the wrong one of two sisters whom he had long known, and who were not like each other. It is possible, we say—we really do not quite know what is not possible, unless it involves a contradiction in terms—but it is certainly not probable in the sense in which the events of literary work should be probable. Such matters are, however, of less importance than the slovenliness of style and general vulgarity of tone which mark the *Bachelor Vicar of Newforth*.

"A Peer's Son" is an odd description of self from the author of a novel. Perhaps it is only intended to make an antithesis with "A Radical's Daughter"; perhaps the author is really, as Peter Simple's pleasant messmate knew him to be, the son of the Lord Nozoo. At any rate the hero is a peer's son, whether the author is so or not, and he falls in love during the time that he is quartered in Birmingham (Perfectham, the book calls it) with a fair young Radical, and they talk much rather crude politics between them, and all goes well, and the Honourable Tintacks, otherwise Rupert Fane, compromises with the unbending Toryism of his family by becoming a Tory Democrat. The book is rather a naïf one, as may be judged from the curious sentences describing the gigantic series of studies which had leavened the Honourable Rupert's Tory creed. "He had read Stubbs and Freeman and Lecky and Green. He had read Hallam and Gibbon. He had, with immense labour, really understood Adam Smith and Mill. He had worked up the American Constitution and knew almost every work on the French Revolution." Now we quite admit that to know almost every work on the French Revolution is a thing not common. But it contrasts rather oddly with "Green," and with the immense labour required to master two of the very clearest and by no means of the most voluminous writers in English.

LONDON IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD III.*

THE twenty years between 1350 and 1370 are among the most eventful in the annals of England. Every document that can throw light on them should be made available for the use of the historical student. The Black Death has appeared in 1349. The first statute of *premunire* was passed in 1353, when the Pope was at Avignon. The wool staple was removed from Bruges to England in 1354. The Black Prince took John King of France at Poitiers in 1356, and brought him to London in 1357. In 1360 was concluded the Peace of Bretigny. King John died at the Savoy in 1364. These, and many other events which belong to English and to European history, profoundly affected London; where, the long struggle of the previous century being over, and the city in full possession of its liberties and privileges, the mayor and corporation found their influence extending and their municipal importance increasing with mercantile wealth and widening commerce. The two rolls of letters which Dr. Sharpe has edited from among the archives of the Guildhall relate to this period, and show the London fathers advising and scolding and helping other English cities. They bring before us more vividly than would have been possible by any other means the questions which agitated the minds of the citizens at that day, and throw incidental light on many points, both of commercial, of municipal, and of national history.

With their help it would be possible to draw a tolerably complete picture of the social and civic life of the Londoner in the fourteenth century. We must imagine a much more highly-coloured London than the present one. Costumes were gorgeous. There was very little smoke, and that little from wood-fires for the most part. The buildings were nearly all roofed with red tiles. There were frequent patches of green, gardens and trees. The rows of houses and the towers of the greater churches contrasted more than they do now, for a three or four storied house was not as tall as a two-storied house would be in our time, and some of the church spires rose several hundred feet into the air. St. Paul's boasted of the highest steeple in Christendom, and there were the grand churches of the Grey Friars in Newgate Street, and the Austin Friars in Broad Street, and others, chiefly conventual, with fine architectural features which would make a fair show from a little distance, say from the tower of St. Mary's Priory in Southwark. Thence, too, the grim embattlements of the numerous gates would mark out the course of the wall among

surrounding houses, and the drawbridge could be seen in full operation cutting the spectator off from access across London Bridge at certain intervals. Within the City there would be a want of view; and no open spaces of any great size. This would detract from the beauty of the streets, which were not only exceedingly narrow, but winding. The principal houses had gardens to them; but there were no public gardens or squares and no wide market-places as in some foreign cities of the period. Cheap was all built over with shops, except a roadway along the north side, and most of the familiar public buildings stood here, beginning with the great cathedral at the western end. Here were the costly memorial of the late Queen and the water conduit and the pillory, and in streets near it at one end or the other were the Guildhall and the stocks and the weigh-house. No modern cab could have been driven a hundred yards in any direction; the houses faced each other so closely, and in many places seemed to lean so much over as nearly to touch overhead. They were very poorly built as a rule; here and there a good piece of stonework might be seen; but timber, eked out with plaster, was the chief material. A fire spread like lightning, according to the direction of the wind, and was seldom stopped till it had reached the wall or the river.

Of the life of the people such a volume as this and such publications as those of the late Mr. Henry T. Riley help us to form an idea. The Black Death took fast hold of men who lived in narrow, airless passages, who drank water drawn from wells dug in their own courtyards, whose dead were buried within a stone's throw of their own doors, who had no drains of any size, and made the centre of the street an open sewer. To every cause except their own habits they attributed the constant epidemic visitations; but it is at least probable that London in the fourteenth century, except in time of plague, was not more unhealthy than Naples at the present day, and that an inhabitant, once thoroughly acclimatized, found it on the whole a pleasant place of existence. There can be no doubt that it was accounted a valuable privilege to be free of the City. The mayor and aldermen jealously guarded the liberties of every citizen. Many of the letters catalogued by Dr. Sharpe merely recite that Roger de la Panettrye, or Tydeman Knyf, or John de Mydford, or some other citizen, is going on a journey, and all persons are desired to let him pass throughout England with his merchandise free from all manner of toll or custom, "according to the franchise of the City of London." In 1351 or 1352 John Odierno and four other citizens lodge a complaint against the steward of the Lady Countess of "Garennis," who had distrained upon their goods and chattels for toll demanded of all merchandise passing through the town of Dorking, contrary to the liberties granted to the citizens by Henry I., and confirmed in many subsequent charters. The mayor and aldermen request the steward to give up what he has seized, inasmuch as citizens of London are and ought to be quit of all manner of toll throughout the King's dominions. In some instances reprisals are threatened; Bristol is warned that, unless it causes justice to be done in the matter of some wool which had been seized from Andrew Aubrey and another citizen, "necessity would certainly arise for annoying their folk coming to London." Similar letters are sent to Colchester, to Birmingham, to Sandwich, and other places; and also to some Continental cities, especially those of the Low Countries. Thus, "the Burgomasters, Echevins, and Good Folk" of Bruges and Sluys, having made a complaint against Robert de Hull, master of a ship named *La Julianne*, of London, that, coming up Channel, off the Foreland, he had run into and sunk a "hakebote"—that is, a boat with a "hatch" or covering—with men of Flanders on board, the mayor, aldermen, and commonalty of London reply that the matter has been investigated by the best men of the City and merchant seamen, and they find that the said Robert is not guilty of the charge made against him, and they desire that he may be allowed to depart with his ship unmolested. From which it appears that collisions at sea are not modern institutions. By another letter we learn that these hakebotes brought over cargoes of wine, with which they were loaded at Damme, the port of Bruges. This was the scene of Edward's great naval victory in 1340.

We obtain also many glimpses of social life from this interesting and carefully-edited collection. The effect of the Black Death upon the labour market made itself felt even in London. There are numerous complaints of runaway servants, often apprentices. In 1369 John de Lyncoln, a "coursour," or horse-dealer, complained that one Marione de Clyf had bound herself to him as servant for a year, but had absconded, and was living at Ware. The mayor and aldermen thereon wrote to the bailiffs and good folks of Ware to deliver her up. In the same year there is a similar request to the town of Langley respecting one John Prest, who had been bound apprentice to a tailor, and had left his employer, and another respecting John Lykhom, a brewer, who had unlawfully left the service of Thomas atte Ram, and fled to Maidstone. Some cases are much more complicated than these. John, the son of Richard Haldone, of Hackney, was bound apprentice in 1345-6 for a term of ten years to John de Pateneye. His master died, bequeathing the remaining term of the apprenticeship to Agnes, his wife. The lady took a second husband—a proceeding apparently of which the apprentice did not approve, for he suddenly, we read, withdrew himself from the service of the said Agnes and her second husband, and was understood to be residing at Bristol. A Bristol merchant, on a visit apparently to London, asks the City authorities to give him a certificate that he has not killed his apprentice, a youth who bore the aristocratic name of "Richard

* *Calendar of Letters from the Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, 1350-1370.* Edited, with an Introduction, by Reginald K. Sharpe, D.C.L. Printed by Order of the Corporation. 1885.

Neville," a name the King-maker was to make so well known a century later. "Elayne," the mother of the apprentice, had accused him, and the mayor and his fellow-aldermen affirm, on the evidence of trustworthy witnesses, that on the 8th September, 1351, Richard had taken leave of his master to go to see some friends at Ware, to return the third day next ensuing; that he was then in good health, and that he had not since returned. As the letter is dated the 12th August, it must be at least eleven months that Neville had been lost to his mother and his master. There are also some curious stories as to special customs of the City in respect to minority and inheritance. We can quote but one:—Agnes and Alice were the daughters of a wealthy maker of rosaries, or "paternosterer," named Geoffrey Boner, who had owned some tenements in the city of Bruges, in Flanders. He had also an elder daughter named Isabel; and before he died he desired to settle her in life. "In order to marry the said Isabel befittingly, the said Geoffrey had bought the ward and marriage of one John Hockele, who had lands and tenements in the City of London to the value of 16 marks by the year." For this he had paid 40 marks and a "hanape of maser," worth 13s. 4d. Isabel was at this time sixteen, and a marriage was duly solemnized between her and her father's ward, and the young man's fortune was supplemented by a gift of 9l. When Geoffrey Boner died his eldest daughter, Mistress Hockele, put in her claim to share with the younger daughters in the division of the father's estate. But there was a law in force both in London and also in Bruges that, if a father "advanced" one of his children with a part of his goods in his lifetime, that child was barred from participating in the posthumous division of his property, unless by special legacy. Now, Geoffrey had died without making any such will, and the Mayor of London begs the burgomaster and echevins of Bruges to see that justice is done to Agnes and Alice in the matter. Our last extract from Dr. Sharpe's fascinating volume relates to a tragedy. A certain deceased skinner, named Robert St. John, left two daughters, Cristine and Rose, and a widow, Amable, who seems to have been the mother of Cristine only, as Robert de Lincoln is made guardian to Rose. Robert de Lincoln died, and Amable, the widow, married one Thomas de Stanford, who lived on the estate of the Abbot of Peterborough. Shortly afterwards Amable died suddenly, and her second husband was convicted of having put her out of the way, on which his property, which was really what Robert St. John had left to his daughter, became forfeited to the Abbot. Under these circumstances the mayor, aldermen, and commonalty petition the abbot to give it up, of his charity, to Cristine and Rose. Could the whole story be recovered, here would be material indeed for a romance of old London.

We have avoided dealing with the historical and political subjects treated of by Dr. Sharpe in a learned preface, in which the history of the roll of letters is carefully traced, and a large number of most interesting notes gathered on the commerce of London at the period. This volume may be pronounced one of the most valuable additions made for many years to our knowledge of the condition of the City in the middle ages.

EROS AND PSYCHE.*

PERHAPS it would be wise never to write a preface. The critic is apt to read no further, and it has lately been pointed out (and has long been visible) that the newspaper reviewer merely tells his public what, in the preface, the author has told him. The moral is that, in his preface, the author should give himself the very best testimonials. Mr. Robert Bridges, the author of *Prometheus the Firebearer*, has not actually written a preface to his new and excellent narrative poem, *Eros and Psyche*. But he has appended a note, in which, with ill-considered modesty, he remarks that the poem "pretends neither to originality nor loftiness." This is quite enough for the reviewer who takes exactly the view which his author offers him. Any more serious student will venture to differ with Mr. Bridges. His poem, as far as "loftiness" is concerned, has many passages of great clearness, beauty, and charm, all the "loftiness" compatible with the character of the theme. As to originality, the situations and plot are far older than Greece, are found in the Rig Veda, and, in rude shapes, are familiar to Red Indians and Maoris and Malays. Here, as elsewhere, originality consists in treatment. Mr. Bridges is, in this matter, original enough, for he sticks close to Apuleius, in whose *Metamorphoses* the tale first wins a way into European letters. Only one of the many poets of Psyche except Mr. Bridges has been original enough to see that it was best not to wander from the narrative of the old Thessalian woman in the brigand's cave. Again, when Mr. Bridges strays from Apuleius it is to adorn a purely literary poem with purely literary ornament, with reminiscences (in the Virgilian or Miltonic manner of reminiscence) of the great classical poets, Homer, Pindar, Lucretius, Dante, and Virgil himself. But these beauties are not tagged on, they are woven into the substance of the romantic lay. But, after all, a poet shows his real originality in his mode of feeling and entering into the essential spirit of his theme, and here Mr. Bridges is original enough. His Psyche is innocence itself, with the sweet recklessness and childlike indolence of innocence.

The story of "Cupid and Psyche" has been dozens of times interpreted and allegorized in Platonic, Christian, and other senses. In point of fact, though told by a philosopher, Apuleius, the tale is given merely as a *märchen*, an old wife's fable in the mouth of

an old wife. It had one original moral, long forgotten, that wedded lovers should obey the absurd laws of connubial etiquette among savages. It had a kind of moral corollary, the punishment of forbidden curiosity, and so far it belongs to the class of Bluebeard stories, the large class in which forbidden curiosity is magically punished. For the rest, the names of the hero and heroine and the general mythical surroundings are Greek. The ornaments, descriptions of palaces and temples, may be purely literary, and the additions of Apuleius himself. The incidents in Hades are parts of belief among Melanesians and South Sea Islanders and Red Men as well as among Greeks.

Mr. Bridges has therefore told a plain tale in plain poetry. The worthy Mrs. Tighe, in her Spenserian stanzas, produced a regular Spenserian allegory, all about the dwelling of "Loose Desire" and "The Palace of Chastity" and the "Temple of Indifference." Mr. William Morris, while following Apuleius in a very charming poem, has characteristically expanded the *märchen* with flowing reflections and detail. Out of the original oracle of eight bad lines Mr. Bridges makes seven lines; Mr. Morris makes twenty-eight lines. In Mr. Morris's poem we might object that Psyche expresses too diffusely the "criticism of life" which pervades all *The Earthly Paradise*. Mr. Bridges keeps closer, we think, to Apuleius and to the natural sentiment of the despairing levity of Psyche, a maiden so divinely beautiful that none dare love her, save the fabled groom whose love is death—

He will be generous; as 'tis sure that he
In being my only lover, is my lord.

Another passage of much power (in a story where to be "powerful" is usually to force the note) is the almost literal copy of Apuleius's picture of Envy in the two sisters of Psyche. The punishment of the sister is described in this singularly scientific and yet impressive manner. She has leaped from the height of the cliff, expecting to be caught and escorted by the West Wind:—

But, as a dead stone, from a height let fall,
Silent and straight is gathered by the force
Of earth's vast mass upon its weight so small,
In speed increasing as it nears its source
Of motion, by which all things whatsoever
Are clutched, and dragged, and held—so fell she there,
Like a dead stone, down, in her headlong course.

The interview between Aphrodite, on one side, and Demeter and Hera, on the other, has a certain broad-blown human familiarity of an earlier age than our own—Elizabethan, perhaps; certainly odd enough in our age, that burns so much incense to "the most high gods." The whole poem is full of pictures admirable in a grave simplicity, as of Psyche in the rustic temple of Demeter, among the tools of the mowers and the scattered corn; of Psyche trying to assort the grain, and aided by the ants; of Psyche, again, gathering the golden fleeces of the fairy flocks, and of her wanderings in Hades and in the Libyan Desert. A series of such pictures, united by our sympathy for the innocent affections and sorrows of the heroine, make up this pleasant and learned poem, in which we have little fault to find, save the wilfully archaic style of certain passages. Many of Mr. Bridges's readers will certainly stumble over "a little bleb no bigger than a pease," over "cyanine" and "their glut's regard"—what is the regard of a person's glut?—and so forth. Only too many examples of this love of the obsolete will encounter the wanderer through *Eros and Psyche*. Doubtless the terms are English—so, it seems, is *Beowulf*—doubtless they have authority; but the real question is, do they delay the reader in his appreciation of the story, do they make him stare or sneer? We think they do, and that these archaic excesses are the chief fault in an extremely agreeable, scholarly, and pathetic poem.

WINDSOR.*

THIS description of Windsor Castle, which is in truth the most magnificent palace in the world, contains that pleasant mixture of antiquarian research and historical incident which Mr. Loftie knows so well how to treat in a pleasant way, such as beguiles the least archæologically inclined reader into an at least momentary interest in his account of the gradual growth and development of a rude earth-fortress into a stately royal dwelling.

Even in the time of the Heptarchy a stronghold of some importance seems to have existed at Windsor, and the principal part of this still can be recognized in the great mound on which the Round Tower now stands. This great earthwork, about a hundred and twenty-five feet in diameter, is accurately cut into a circular form, and was once surrounded with the foas, agger, and vallum, or wooden palisading, by which both the Roman and Saxon military strongholds in this country appear to have been almost always defended. William the Norman replaced the primitive wooden defences by a stone building, traces of which have been found under the later Round Tower. The *fossa*, or ditch, however, existed till much later; in a charter of King Stephen the fort at Windsor is called a *mota*, which, as Mr. Loftie points out, seems to suggest that the stone building at that time was as yet of little structural importance. The original Round Tower was built by Henry III., and completed in 1272, but it was completely rebuilt on a larger scale by Edward III., not so much for military purposes as to provide a meeting-place for his newly-established Order of the Knights of the Garter, on the very spot where,

* *Eros and Psyche*. By Robert Bridges. London: Bell & Son.

* *Windsor*. By W. J. Loftie. London: Seeley & Co.

according to tradition, King Arthur had sat surrounded by his Knights of the Round Table. This is at least Froissart's account, who says:—"At this time (1344) Edward, King of England, resolved to rebuild the great Castle of Windsor, formerly built and founded by King Arthur, and where was first set up and established the noble Round Table, whence so many valiant men and knights have issued forth to perform feats of arms and prowess throughout the world." Edward III.'s Round Tower consisted probably of a low but massive circular wall enclosing his round table, where the Knights of the Garter sat and banqueted under the shelter of a pent-house roof supported on wooden pillars; the centre of the tower being a square quadrangle open to the air—an arrangement which, in a modified form, lasted as late as the seventeenth century. This is shown in a very interesting bird's-eye view of the whole Castle engraved by Hollar, of which Mr. Loftie gives (at page 31) an excellent facsimile. The present stately and eminently mediæval appearance of the Round Tower dates no further back than the reign of George III., when Sir Jeffry Wyatville, the Court architect, raised the wall to its present imposing height, and broke its monotony by the very happy addition of the tall flag-turret. This was only one of many additions which were planned and carried out by Wyatville, in a manner for which Mr. Loftie justly gives him high praise. Though of course faulty in detail, Wyatville, in his main lines, appears to have worked with much feeling and appreciation of the old mediæval spirit—a remarkable feat at a time when the words "Gothic" and "barbarous" were supposed to be synonymous.

In addition to the afterwards rebuilt Round Tower, Henry III., the most energetic among all the royal builders of England, constructed long outer lines of battlemented walls, crowned at intervals with many smaller towers, one of which is still named after him. He also built a great hall, kitchen, and other domestic apartments, together with a chapel, which was afterwards destroyed to make room for the present magnificent Chapel of St. George. Part of its beautiful cloister still exists, and is one of the most valuable remains of ancient work in this much-modernized castle. Traces of painted decoration still remain on the inner wall of this little cloister, the outer sides of which were formed of rich window-like tracery. One figure has been supposed to be a portrait of Henry III., but probably without reason. As Mr. Loftie says:—"This wall-painting, though it is unquestionably not unlike the King's portrait on his tomb at Westminster, may be the face of a sacred personage other than the King, forming part of a large composition." This is no doubt the case. The supposed likeness to William Torell's bronze effigy proves nothing, as this is no portrait figure, but has merely the conventional royal head such as appears on all the groats of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Portrait effigies did not come into common use till rather later times, and the statues of Edward III. and Philippa are the earliest iconic figures in Westminster Abbey.

Another chapel was built and dedicated by Henry III. to his favourite saint, Edward the Confessor; this graceful apsidal building, now called the Albert Memorial Chapel, still contains a good deal of Henry III.'s work in the lower part of its walls, though it was mainly rebuilt by Henry VII. between 1501 and 1503. Some years later, while it was still unfinished, the chapel was given to Cardinal Wolsey by Henry VIII., and was for long after known as "Wolsey's Tomb-house." Here the magnificent Cardinal began to prepare for himself a very rich and costly monument. Following the fashion set by Henry VII., he entrusted the work to a Florentine sculptor, a certain Benedetto, who designed the Cardinal's tomb much like that which Benedetto's fellow-citizen, Pietro Torrigiano, had made for Henry VII. at Westminster. A bronze recumbent effigy of the Cardinal was to lie on a black marble sarcophagus, richly decorated with reliefs of gilt bronze. The Cardinal's effigy appears to have been completed, as Wolsey himself, Mr. Loftie tells us, when in disgrace asked a friend to obtain for him his "image, with such part of the tomb as it shall please the King," in order that he might set it up in Yorkminster. Unhappily this request was not granted, and the result was that all the rich bronze work of this Florentine sculptor was melted and sold in 1642 by the Commonwealth. The number of reliefs and figures must have been very great, as the mere metal sold then for the very large sum of 600*l*. One part, however, of Wolsey's tomb still exists—namely, the bare marble sarcophagus stripped of all its rich ornaments. This in 1805 was moved from Windsor, and used as a monument over Nelson's grave in the crypt of St. Paul's, where it still remains—a double monument of modern heroism and of the vanity of overweening ambition and pride. One cannot but regret that Mr. Loftie, with his happy knack of hitting upon the right piece of documentary evidence, has not made some investigations into the identity of the Florentine whom the Cardinal employed on this very large and elaborate piece of work. In some documents Wolsey's sculptor is called Benedetto da Maiano, and we may suggest that he was probably either a son or nephew of the great Florentine of that name, who in 1495 made the exquisitely beautiful and delicate pulpit in the nave of Santa Croce, and produced many other fine pieces of sculpture which still exist in the neighbourhood of Florence. This elder Benedetto died in 1497; his two brothers, Giuliano and Giovanni, were also good sculptors, and left several sons, who followed their father's line of art. Another member of the same family, a younger Giovanni da Maiano, worked for Wolsey at his Hampton Court Palace, where some of Giovanni's very fine terra-

cotta sculpture still exists, affixed to the outer walls of the great Court. These are colossal busts of the Roman Cæsars in circular frames, imitated from the productions of the Della Robbia family, except that painting in oil was substituted for the white enamel. Giovanni da Maiano also modelled in clay the Cardinal's arms, with lovely figures of boys as supporters, which still exist over the main gateway, a work of great beauty and skilful modelling.

Though "Wolsey's Tomb-house" was roofed in and used for mass by James II., the vaulting had never been added, and this was not done till a few years ago, when the whole chapel was "restored" and fitted up in a very costly way as a memorial to Prince Albert under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott. The whole wall-surface below the windows was then lined with polished marble inlay and reliefs, but the general effect is tawdry and intensely discordant with the beautiful old building. The reliefs by Baron Triqueti are, as Mr. Loftie says, "tame in the extreme, with two or three exceptions which are equally remarkable for extravagance."

The grand chapel at Windsor ranks second to Westminster Abbey as a Royal Mausoleum, though no king was buried there before the death of Edward IV., who in his will ordered a magnificent tomb to be set over his grave with an effigy of himself in silver. This, however, seems not to have been completely carried out, and nothing now exists as a monument to Edward IV. except part of the very magnificent iron grille which was intended to enclose the tomb. This screen, which has lately been moved from the north aisle to the sanctuary of St. George's Chapel, is remarkable as being one of the most elaborate and skilfully-wrought pieces of ironwork in the world—a most wonderful feat of skill, in which wrought iron is treated with a richness which can usually only be obtained by the use of bronze; the minute foliage on the crockets and other enrichments are modelled in the round in the most astonishing way considering the hardness of the material, and an almost inconceivable amount of labour must have been spent in cutting and filing each delicate crocket out of solid cold iron—an immense waste of labour, as the same effect could have been obtained quite easily by *cire perdue* casting in bronze. It is a pity that this otherwise well-illustrated book contains no drawing or even description of this unique piece of metal-work. The next sovereign interred here was Henry VIII., who ordered his body to be laid by that of his "true and loving wife Queen Jane (Seymour)." It is worthy of note that the will of this Protestant champion contains an appeal to the Blessed Virgin and all the Company of Heaven to pray for him, and also that Henry founded and endowed chantries in order that masses might be said for the repose of his soul, a curious revocation of his "Reformed" principles. Whatever may have been the success of Henry's tardy provisions for the repose of his soul, little attention seems to have been paid to his wishes with regard to his body. The magnificent tomb ordered in his will was never completed, though, as Mr. Loftie tells us, the bronze screen round it was made, and existed till the time of Stow, after which it vanished, probably into the same melting-pot that destroyed the work of Wolsey's Florentine sculptor.

One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Loftie's very interesting work is his short but valuable account of the slow growth of the noble Chapel of St. George, which is on the whole the noblest building of the kind in England—less rich perhaps, but more noble and pure in style, than the other royal chapel at Westminster, and in every respect far finer than the somewhat overpraised chapel of King's College at Cambridge. For several years these three magnificent royal chapels were in progress together, but St. George's at Windsor was designed when the Perpendicular style was at its highest point of perfection, while the other two, in the main, date from its time of decadence. Though a digression from the subject of Mr. Loftie's work, it may be interesting to note the relative dates and progress of these three royal buildings. The existing Chapel of St. George at Windsor was begun by Edward IV., who in 1473 pulled down nearly, if not quite, all of the older chapel, which had been completed and filled with stained glass by Edward III. in 1363. The nave of St. George's was vaulted about the year 1490, but the choir vaulting was not finished till 1507; the presence of hanging pendants from the apex of the latter marks the later development of the elaborate fan vaulting which was carried to so extreme a point in the other two chapels already mentioned. In 1516 the rood-screen and lantern were added, but the rest of the internal fittings were not finished till after 1519. King's College Chapel, though begun as early as 1447, went on but slowly with long interruptions, and it was not till 1513 that its sumptuous vault was begun, nor was the first of its magnificent series of stained-glass windows put in till 1527. The Chapel of Henry VII. was built rapidly and without a check; its foundation-stone was laid in 1503, and the chapel was finished before the death of Henry VII. in 1509. In 1512 Torrigiano set up the tomb of Henry and his Queen, and four years later the rich baldacchino, retable, and altar, of which a few fragments still exist. In one case the whole building, and in the other two a great part, was produced by the piety and zeal of Henry VII.; but the Westminster Chapel is the only one which, as an architectural work, is purely an example of the style prevalent in his reign. At Windsor the whole design is much modified by the earlier style of Edward IV.'s time, while King's College Chapel, especially in its exterior, suffered much from the decadence of Gothic purity which advanced so rapidly under Henry VIII.

Space will not allow us to follow Mr. Loftie through his many

interesting chapters on the Castle itself and the art-treasures it contains, nor those on the town of Windsor, on all of which subjects a great deal of valuable matter is conveyed in the most readable and unpedantic way. Among the many treasures preserved in the royal library two are of the most priceless value—namely, three volumes of original drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, comprising an almost incredible variety of subjects, such as give one a glimpse of the encyclopædic knowledge of this intellectual and artistic giant; and, secondly, the magnificent collection of portraits by Holbein drawn in sepia and chalk—no less than eighty-seven in number. These wonderful drawings are equal in finish and almost in chromatic effect to oil-paintings; and one cannot but feel a wish that a few of them at least should be lent for exhibition in the National Gallery, which does not yet possess a single work by Holbein, a want doubly strange in a country in which so many private collections contain noble examples of this great master. Mr. Loftie's valuable letter-press is richly illustrated by a number of very beautiful etchings by H. Raitton, who is specially happy in his treatment of architectural subjects, combining as he does a good knowledge of structural details, with the power to treat them in a not too obtrusive way, and thus to please the eye both of the antiquary and the painter. Of all buildings in the world Windsor Castle is most suited to this method of treatment; in actual fact its beautiful mediæval lines are horribly disfigured by the newness of all the visible surfaces; but this unpleasant freshness of look is not reproduced in Mr. Raitton's etchings, so that his pictures are in most cases much more pleasing than the originals, and even the vulgar sham Gothic of recent years shines as it were through a dim mist of years and does not seem to jar with its surroundings, as in reality it very grievously does. The view of Windsor Castle from the Brocas, by Mr. E. Hull, is delicate but wanting in colour. The forest views by Mr. F. Slocombe and Mr. H. Hardy are fine examples of well-studied tree forms. The very numerous vignettes are drawn with great precision and brilliancy of touch, and are most skilfully reproduced so as to look like very excellent woodcuts.

Among the many beautiful illustrated works which have been originally published in the *Portfolio*, this will rank both for its text and its etchings as one of the best.

HORSES.*

IF people do not know all about horses, it is not from any scarcity of books upon the subject. Not only is horse literature profuse, but almost every volume on equine matters professes to tell one everything about the horse. There are different men who could write excellent treatises on different subjects connected with horses, such as breeding, stable-management, the diseases and accidents to which horseflesh is exposed, the breaking, training, riding, and driving of horses, and so on; but, instead of this, horse books, with some few exceptions, profess to teach us everything, how to breed the horse, how to buy him, how to shoe him, how to ride him, how to drive him, how to cure him of every conceivable ailment, and how to dissect him when he is dead. Each of the writers of these books, with still fewer exceptions, assumes the air of being the only man who thoroughly understands the subject, and maintains that he treats horses with common sense, while everybody else is the slave of antiquated prejudices. We make these remarks because, like most of its predecessors on the same subject, each of the books—good and useful books in their way—which we are about to review goes over much ground with which everybody who has had anything to do with horses is already familiar. Mr. Alfred Saunders's *Our Horses* contains a great deal of information about the breaking and treatment of horses in out-of-the-way parts of the world, which will be new to many people, and in the Rev. J. G. Wood's *Horse and Man* there is much carefully-considered writing about horses' feet; but both books—Mr. Saunders's especially—are weakened by long descriptions of the general anatomy of the horse, riding, driving, stables, grooming, farriering, tight-bearing reins, and other things that have already been treated of as well, or better, hundreds of times.

Our Horses is written with considerable intelligence and some originality. Mr. Saunders starts with the idea that the horse is a fool. He tells us that the pig, the rat, the cow, and the donkey are the horse's intellectual superiors. A horse, instead of being a courageous animal, is usually as simple as a baby, as nervous as a lady, and as timid as a partridge. "The vaunted courage of the battle-horse is the courage of ignorance and panic." In the same manner, his apparent ardour in the chase is owing to his fear of being left behind. And why is he afraid of being left behind? Because he has "a feeling implanted in his nature that to be left behind is to be left a prey to some cruel pursuer." "Besides the evidence of sacred history, that the horse probably originated in Africa, there is abundant evidence in the nature of the horse itself that he is an animal originating in some country abounding in serpents and beasts of prey." Why does he fly in terror from "a dragging tether rope"? Because he thinks it is one of the serpents of the land in which he originated. Why does he shy at a fur rug? Because he mistakes it for an African lion. How should we account for "the extreme

nervousness with which he receives the slightest prick"? By maintaining that he fancies he feels "the sharp claw of a beast of prey" from his native desert. So, at least, thinks Mr. Saunders.

Mr. Saunders's prescription for making a horse "clean his own skin" would scarcely recommend itself to stud grooms. "In fine weather when the horse comes in warm from exercise his cloths may be taken off, and, putting a long line on his neck, lead him at once to a piece of ploughed ground or loose earth, and let him roll on it as long as he will." The swell groom must console himself with the reflection that "the deodorizing earth" which the horse "works into his skin has unquestionably some advantageous effect." Horse-dealers, again, are not likely to thank Mr. Saunders for giving the following directions to gentlemen who have got a horse on a week's trial:—"Get a rein under his tail and draw on it. Get some one to put a smooth pole between his legs, and to rest it gently against his hocks and thighs." "Beat a drum or fire a gun behind him, and see how far his education in such direction is carried." Then the author is not very likely to get many horsemen to agree with him in his statement that "in some horses the age between twelve and twenty can be judged with much accuracy."

As everybody knows, Mr. Rarey's system of taming vicious horses consisted mainly in throwing them down on the ground and keeping them there by means of straps. According to Mr. Saunders, the New Zealanders have a much simpler and more effective method. They simply decoy a wild horse into a swamp until all his legs are securely embedded in it. They then proceed to "gentle" him. Well may the author say "Rarey's plan is nothing to this! There were no legs swinging about to hurt any one; the colt could not batter his head on the ground; the very babies could jump on his back with perfect safety, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity." "The women sat on him, the men got astride him, and then put a little log under his tail." "The women shook their dresses in his face." Best of all, when the horse was dug out, he was quite tame. The New Zealand Maori woman, however, beats this performance with her pig. "The Maori woman who has taken to suckle a young pig as a substitute for her lost baby discovers that the animal is so cleanly in its habits that it can be kept in a drawing-room, so tractable that it will walk about a flower-garden without stepping on a border, and so clever that it can be taught to beat its mistress at a game of cards." If this story of "a young pig" is true, we can easily believe everything else in the book; and the story of a young pig must be true, for the author tells us in the preface that he has learned, "very slowly, very reluctantly, but very surely," "to bow only to the unanswerable logic of facts."

There are one or two apparent inconsistencies in this book which rather puzzle us. For instance, "the huntsman of the Ashburton Hunt Club, whose horses always become celebrated," writes to the author:—"My success in training hunters, as well as other horses, has been gained by putting into practice the rules and instructions received from you." And shortly afterwards, in explaining these rules and instructions, he adds:—"I find that it saves much time to insist upon a horse doing whatever you ask him to do, however severe the first fight may be." Yet the author constantly impresses upon us that the great principle in training young horses is *not* to fight with them. "Far better not do it at all than to have any fighting about it." Taken as a whole, however, *Our Horses* is a readable book, as horse-books go, and many of the theories advanced in it are supported by sensible remarks. The chapter on "breaking to slow heavy draft," with its vocabulary of carter's terms, the chapter on driving, and the section on the child's pony strike us as being, perhaps, the best parts of a treatise on horseflesh which is not without its merits.

Without committing ourselves to all the Rev. J. G. Wood's theories about horses, we admit that there is a great deal of sense in what he says in *Horse and Man* about the treatment of horses' feet by ordinary grooms and blacksmiths:—

The Creator has taken the greatest care to make the whole Hoof as light as possible. "Happy thought!" says man. "Let us hang a pound or so on each hoof and make the horse waste his strength in lifting it."

He has made the Wall exceedingly strong. "Happy thought! Let us weaken it by cutting it away."

He has made this wall nearly as hard as iron. "Happy thought! Let us soften it by 'stopping'."

He has furnished the hoof with an elastic pad called the "Frog," so as to prevent any jar when the horse steps. "Happy thought! Let us cut away the pad and make the horse's weight come upon a ring of iron."

Again, the Sole of the hoof has been formed archwise, of successive layers of exceedingly hard horn. It bids defiance to hard and sharp-edged objects.

So the sole inspires man with another happy thought. "Let us pare it so thin that it not only cannot resist the pressure of the horse's weight upon a stone, but that it yields to the pressure of the human thumb."

The coronary ring, from which the fibres of the wall are secreted, is guarded by a Penthouse of Hair which causes wet to shoot off it as it does from the eaves of a house. "Happy thought! Let us snip away the hair, and let the water make its way into the coronary ring."

So, after working his sweet will upon the hoof, man wonders at its weakness, and lays down the stupid axiom that "one horse can wear out four sets of legs," which is equivalent to saying that the Creator did not know how to make a horse.

So convinced is the author that thrush proceeds from bad shoeing that he once offered, if a correspondent would show him a thrushy hoof on a horse that had never been shod, to eat his words first and the hoof, thrush and all, afterwards. In what he says against the use of bearing-reins there is much truth, but the subject has been thoroughly threshed out over and over again. Mr. Wood would neither clip nor singe horses. All we say on this point is "let

* *Our Horses*; or, the best Muscles controlled by the best Brains. By Alfred Saunders. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

Horse and Man: their Mutual Dependence and Duties. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. London: Longmans & Co. 1885.

those who please follow his advice." As to shoeing, his disciples are simply not to do it; nor are we prepared to fight with him on this question, for we believe that many horses would work well without any shoes, if they had never been shod, although we are very far from being prepared to advocate the total abolition of shoeing.

Mr. Wood tells us that "the earliest horse known to geologists had five toes or fingers," and that "it was quite a little creature, scarcely larger than an ordinary terrier dog." After the earliest horse came an "appropriately named" animal called the "Anchitherium, i.e. the creature approaching the horse"; and after the Anchitherium came the "Hipparion—i.e. an animal almost a horse." Now, if neither the Anchitherium nor the Hipparion were horses, but merely animals approaching or almost horses, how comes it that the beast, scarcely larger than an ordinary terrier dog, even less horse-like than they were, was a horse? We merely mention this to show the somewhat easy-going manner in which Mr. Wood proceeds. Much in the same way he appears to accept an anecdote told him by a chance acquaintance, a letter in a newspaper, or a story in a book, with an ease and a faith which are as refreshing as they are edifying. Yet he carries the reader with him in his good-natured way, and he leaves his discourse with considerable good sense and some humour. The following story may be quoted as a specimen of the latter, although it does not profess to be funny. One winter's day, when a sharp frost had followed a slight thaw, the streets of London were exceptionally slippery, and the driver of a hansom cab, instead of trotting, was walking his horse as a precaution against his falling. Suddenly the horse came down, as if shot, and slid for a few yards over the icy surface, drawing the cab after him. As far as the accident to the horse was concerned nothing particularly uncommon happened, but the effect upon the driver was peculiar:—

The moment it [the cab] stopped he rose up slowly, stooped forward, and put the top of his head on the roof of the cab. Then he turned a somersault in the air, and came flat on his back in the road by the side of his horse. The deliberation of the movement was one of the most extraordinary spectacles that I ever witnessed.

It is satisfactory to read that "he was hardly down before he was up again." In conclusion, we may say that the illustrations are very unequal. Some of them are good, as well as interesting and instructive; but one, which professes to be the facsimile of a photograph, appears to us to be the facsimile of a wooden horse in a saddler's shop, and that a very bad specimen of its kind.

LIFE IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH, 1660-1714.*

THE period of Church history over which this volume extends is full of matters of the deepest interest, and Prebendary Overton has, on the whole, treated such of them as come within the limits he has laid down for himself in an interesting fashion. During the fifty-four years that passed between the Restoration and the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty our Church had to meet three great crises, briefly indicated in the General Sketch that forms an admirable introduction to this work. She was called upon to face the violent reaction from Puritanism, and to do so weighted by the character of the King for whom she had suffered, and with whose cause her own was identified. How much good work she accomplished in spite of these difficulties is well pointed out here, and the triumphant answer this book affords to the ignorant cavils of those who point to the immorality of the time of Charles II. as a proof of her indifference or her powerlessness to lead the nation to purity of life will be warmly welcomed by Churchmen. Scarcely, however, had she time to use her restored strength for good than she was forced for the sake of the truth committed to her to break with the Crown. She saved the nation, but at a terrible cost to herself. The crisis of the Revolution was short, and the Church met it with united front. It was followed by a critical period of discord and of weakness, succeeded, when "for the first time since the Restoration the Church was free from the hostility or indifference of the reigning sovereigns," by a scarcely less dangerous period during which she was looked on as a political instrument. It would of course be impossible to present any adequate view of the various and complex aspects of our Church's history during these epochs within the limits of a single handy volume, and Mr. Overton has of set purpose "tried to disentangle the life of the Church from her controversies," and to confine himself to what may perhaps be broadly stated as her spiritual work and influence, including notices of her ministers and faithful laity, the means and methods she employed, and the measure of her success. His plan then shuts him out from the consideration of the various issues arising from the position of the Nonjurors, and from other questions that filled the minds of large bodies of Churchmen. While he notices the Cambridge Platonists, whose influence was comparatively small, he passes by the Church life of Oxford, which widely affected the nation, as well as the secular and, to some extent, also the religious learning that dignified much of the churchmanship of the day. The necessary consequence of this partial treatment is that his work is more satisfactory when he deals with the simpler aspects of the earlier part of his period than when he comes to times in which matters that fall outside his plan should continu-

ally be taken into account. At the same time, he has given us the results of a considerable amount of labour, and has put them into a pleasant and readable form. He has brought together and arranged a large number of incidental notices bearing on his subject that lie scattered and, as far as most people are concerned, buried in many volumes now little read. And, as might be expected from his other works, while writing as a sound and loyal Churchman, he is scrupulously fair in his judgments and moderate in his expressions.

The gradual restoration of order after the accession of Charles II. is described in a chapter of great interest. A vivid picture is given of the neglected condition into which parish churches, as well as cathedrals, had fallen while in the hands of the Puritans. Material injury, however, might be, and indeed was, speedily set right. A more serious matter was the neglect of the ordinances of religion. The various reasons that led to what Bishop Compton describes as "the shameful disuse of public baptisms" are given partly in the caustic words of Dean Sherlock. Here the fault probably was wholly with the laity. The difficulties that had to be overcome in establishing frequent Communion—in some parishes there were but two celebrations in a year—were partly due to the carelessness of the parochial clergy. It is, as Mr. Overton points out, to Bishop Ball and to Dean Granville that the Church owes the restoration of her sacramental system. In recording the efforts made to bring Cathedral chapters to a sense of their duty he misses a letter of Archbishop Sheldon, written in 1670 to Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, and preserved in the Kennett MSS., insisting that the canons should personally administer the Holy Communion every Sunday. In contrast to the difficulty experienced in this matter was the frequency of week-day services, which appear to have been not uncommon, even in the country. Some curious notices are given of the concessions made to Puritan prejudices, especially in the matter of kneeling at the altar. Among other things that were restored with more or less difficulty was the use of organs in Divine Service, and in connexion with this subject we have some account of the discontent with which many people regarded the substitution of the New for the Old Version of the Psalms. In speaking of the funds raised for the sustentation of churches, Mr. Overton points out the mischievous effects of the system of Briefs, many parishes neglecting to keep their churches in repair, with the intention of getting the work done for them by the public when the buildings became ruinous. Briefs were, however, sent round on all kinds of occasions, as when the famous printer, Bowyer, had his plant destroyed by fire, and even when a theatre was burnt. Mr. Overton praises Samuel Wesley, his predecessor at Epworth, for refusing a Brief for his own benefit, but forgets to mention that Wesley sent something like a begging letter to Oxford on his own account, and that his debts were paid by public subscription. The activity of the Church is forcibly illustrated by the rise of religious societies and the foundation of charity schools. In connexion with this subject we have a full account of the mistaken effort made to enforce purity by the "Societies for the Reformation of Manners," by a system of spies, magisterial convictions, and punishments. A chapter on religious books, while it contains a good deal of information, is so overcrowded that in parts at least it is little more than a list of works with short descriptions. We observe that no attempt is made to settle the authorship of the "Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety," which Hearne is inclined to attribute to Sancroft. Some specimens of sacred poetry are given. Mr. Overton exalts Samuel Wesley's version of the 118th Psalm above either of the Prayer-Book versions. As in "his spirited translation of great Hallel," Wesley appears to render (for the identification of the passage is difficult) the words "Bind the sacrifice with cords, even to the horns of the altar," by

Let the crowned victims hie to away,
And thousands after thousands slay,
Wash the broad courts with sacred gore,
Till Bashan's fields can send no more.

Mr. Overton must judge metrical versions by a different standard to ours. In the course of a highly valuable attempt to fix the social position of the clergy, it is justly remarked that "of all the refutations of Lord Macaulay's famous description none is so damaging as his own explanation of the sources whence he derived his information" (p. 301). At the same time, we are reminded that there are abundant proofs of "the contempt of the clergy" in the remarks of such men as Stillingfleet and White Kennett. The Church's teaching was in thorough harmony with many of the amusements of the laity, and an extract from the life of Bishop Ward tells how his lordship would happen to meet the hounds and "ride a ring or two very briskly," and would always ask the hunt to dinner. On the other hand, Stillingfleet, in an amusing conversation with a young curate, allowed no sport to be fit for the clergy to indulge in that involved killing anything, except fishing, and that only with artificial bait. Indeed, the only amusements he approved of for them were dancing "in a private house" and "shuttlecock." The whole of this chapter on the "Church and Social Life" is full of amusing and profitable matter.

The least satisfactory part of Mr. Overton's volume appears to us to be his notices of the lives of the clergy and laity. Owing, no doubt, to the somewhat artificial limits he has imposed on his work, many men who played a foremost part in the Church history of the time are almost passed by. Collier, for example, is dismissed in four lines, one of them containing a slightly inaccurate quotation from Macaulay. In this notice, too, there is an instance

* *Life in the English Church, 1660-1714.* By J. H. Overton, M.A., Rector of Epworth, &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1885.

of a fault that occurs pretty often. Mr. Overton is too much addicted to allusiveness. He speaks here of Collier's "gallant crusade against the most popular amusement of the day" (p. 102). Now it is just possible that some of his readers may not catch the allusion. And, if we had to say what amusement best answers his description, we should be inclined to name bull-baiting. The stage was the amusement rather of a fashionable set than of the people at large. It is hard to see what purpose these biographical notices can serve. Too many are given for the general reader, and the information they convey is scarcely exact enough to satisfy the student. With reference to one of his favourites, Simon Patrick, Bishop first of Chichester and then of Ely, whom he calls "this uncompromising Churchman" and "a Churchman of an unquestionably high type," Mr. Overton seems to have overlooked Wharton's MS. note, which says that when Patrick was made bishop "he lost his reputation by mismanagement, openly favouring the Dissenters, and employed none but such; whereupon he lost the love of the gentry, and therefore he desired a translation." In Bishop Kennett's MSS., too, there is an ugly story of Patrick's avarice which ill accords with the character given of him here. Between his nomination and confirmation as Bishop of Ely he cut down the episcopal woods at Chichester to the value of 500*l.*, though the time had not come for selling them. In the notice of Francis Cherry, the munificent squire of Shottesbrooke, Hearne, who ought to have known, is corrected for calling him "very learned." Cherry, we are told, "was simply an intelligent, well-educated gentleman" (p. 132). Mr. Overton's idea of the intelligence of the ordinary gentleman must be exalted. But possibly he did not know that Dodwell in dedicating his *De Cyclis Veteribus* to Cherry calls it "the fruit of our joint labours," and he can scarcely have read what Hearne says of his friend and patron in his preface to Leland's *Collectanea*—"possem et chronologiam accuratissimam, quam contexitur, Herodoteam, reliquaque opera recensere, imperfecta quidem, sed in quibus altissima eruditio iudiciumque peracere elucet." Perhaps it is as well that Mr. Overton has left the learning of his period alone. We read, moreover, that Cherry has given us "one of the clearest and most satisfactory accounts we possess of the reasons which led men like Nelson, Dodwell, and himself to stand aloof from the National Church until the canonical rights of the deprived bishops had lapsed." Mr. Overton should have told us where this is to be found. We do not, of course, assert that there is no such "apologia." But we certainly have never heard of its existence either in print or in manuscript. There is a well-known letter written by Francis Brookesby, in an appendix to Marshall's *Defence of our Constitution*, which purports to express Cherry's opinions; but that is a different matter from a statement by the man himself. Cherry was a famous rider with the stag-hounds, and Mr. Overton says truly that there are anecdotes of "his contact with royalty" while hunting. If the stories were to be mentioned at all, they should have been told us. They are hidden away in the preface by Mrs. Eliza Berkeley, Cherry's granddaughter, to the poems of her son. Put briefly, one of these stories tells how the squire knew that William III. was jealous of his riding, for the King used to follow him when out hunting. One day Cherry leaped his horse down a steep bank into the Thames, hoping that the "usurper" would follow him and break his neck; but William turned away. The other story illustrates Anne's keen insight into character, a quality for which the good Queen has too little credit. While she was Princess of Denmark Cherry used often to ride up to the "calash" in which she went hunting and pay his respects, for he was a fine gentleman as well as a scholar. After she became Queen his principles would not allow him to acknowledge her as his sovereign, and so the first day she went hunting after her accession he kept away from her. She asked her "bottle-man" Peachy whether that was not Mr. Cherry in the distance, and, when he replied that it was, she said:—"Aye, he will not come to me now. I know the reason. But go you and carry him a couple of bottles of red wine and white from me, and tell him that I esteem him one of the honestest gentlemen in my dominions." Cherry sent his humble respects and best thanks to "Peachy's mistress." The compliment, Mrs. Berkeley says, was often repeated.

ANCIENT ROME IN 1885.*

IT was hardly to be expected that when good fortune, which had aided the Italians so long, at last gave them Rome as a capital they would be content to treat it as an historical curiosity. That would have been all too much, indeed ridiculous, to ask; and the asking it would much have resembled the demands of those moderate people who calmly request private owners to give up for the public some valuable piece of property which the public does not choose to pay for. But, though modernization was inevitable, and though it was only too certain that much of the character of Rome must be lost, it might well have been expected that, in dealing with this unparalleled city, utterly unlike any other in the world, the Italians would show thoughtfulness, caution, and, without using too florid a word, we may add reverence, and would be above all things anxious not to bring the Eternal City down to the level of any second-class Continental town; and that, while duly respecting the rights of private pro-

perty, they would remember that there are limits to those rights, and would take measures to prevent invaluable records of the past from being recklessly sacrificed to coarse and shortsighted greed. This little might have been naturally hoped for; but unfortunately the history of what has happened since the annexation, and specially of what has happened during the last few years, shows how utterly baseless and futile any such modest hope would have been. The Italians have delighted to replace the wonderful old city by one as vulgar and commonplace as any American town that has sprung up in answer to the demands of commerce. They seem literally to be actuated by the desire to reduce everything to one dead level; for they seek to make Rome as flat as possible. They have not hesitated to destroy, and no restriction has apparently been placed on destruction, even where relics of inestimable value might have been preserved with little trouble and at a very moderate cost.

Mention has before this been made in our columns of the irreparable harm that has been done, and those who study Mr. Middleton's very erudite and thorough work will learn what ruthless tearing down there has been, although the author is very guarded in his language, and infers rather than expresses grave condemnation. Thus he speaks of what will probably seem incredible to any one unacquainted with the spirit in which the modern Romans work—"the recent wholesale destruction of ancient buildings on the Esquiline near the *Horti Sallustiani*," where "the primitive wall of the kings was easily removed block by block, and the tufa broken up to use in the new boulevard; but the later buildings, with walls of concrete, were only destroyed with great difficulty and with the help of dynamite." Here we have a specimen of what we get such delightful instances of at home—modern science coming in to aid barbarism. Later on in his pages Mr. Middleton recurs to this instance of wanton destruction, which, we may observe, has been spoken of in our columns, and describes how the barbarians, infinitely worse and more unpardonable than the barbarians of old, worked. Other and similar acts of Vandalism he has to speak of. Wherever portions of the wall of Servius Tullus were laid bare they were for the most part entirely smashed up forthwith; for the author says that only in a very few instances have these priceless remains of the early history of Rome been saved from utter destruction. In a like manner have the modern Romans treated the very remarkable houses containing wall-paintings and reliefs of almost unparalleled beauty which were discovered when a portion of the Tiber was widened and embanked. They were completely destroyed, and, though this may have been inevitable, there can be no excuse for the manner in which the paintings and exquisitely delicate reliefs, which when discovered were in an admirable state of preservation, have been treated. Mr. Middleton says that some (only some, be it observed) of the paintings were cut off the walls and have been preserved, though in a sadly damaged condition. Now, seeing what has been done with the wall-paintings of Pompeii, it is impossible not to believe that, if there had been such care and skill as might easily have been brought to bear, these remarkable relics of ancient art might not have been well preserved; but save when dealing with those famous profitable monuments which attract strangers, the municipal authorities seem to have about as much reverence for the past as the two householders who, in the time of Julius III., wanted to divide a great statue, or as those estimable French soldiers of a later day who hewed the restored arm off it, in order that it might be moved and used for a vulgar theatrical performance.

Some mention has been already made by us of this wanton and systematic destruction, and we are glad that Mr. Middleton has spoken clearly of it in what will, we believe, be considered a standard work amongst the many that treat of Rome, because it is well that the manner in which ruins have been treated by the rulers to whom Italy and the world in general are indebted for that exquisite product of art and thought, the modern city, should be awarded some lasting record, and perhaps here a simple record is the severest censure possible. It only remains to add that, while destruction was being carried on in hot haste, small pains were apparently taken even to have good drawings and plans of what was to be shortly broken up, and that the municipality is apparently bent on carrying out its *piano regolatore*, one great object of which is, it would seem, to make Rome as flat as cheerful Berlin. From the mischief which has been allowed and encouraged it is pleasant to turn to the good work that has been done, and this happily is not inconsiderable. As every one knows, a careful excavation of the Forum has been going on for a considerable time, and whatever may be thought of the spirit which for a while excluded the public from this marvellous ruin because quarrying was going on in a corner of it, there can be no doubt as to the value of the results obtained. The greatest discovery was, of course, that of the *Atrium Vestæ*, and there have been others, comparatively perhaps of less note, but nevertheless of very great interest to antiquarians and students. Of what has been recently discovered and of what has been known for long—that is to say, of the Forum as it is now—Mr. Middleton gives a full and most admirable description; indeed, his account and the plan that accompanies it are the best with which we are acquainted. He is well qualified to speak on the subject, having a scholar's knowledge of all that can be found in classical writings relating to the Forum and—what does not always accompany a scholar's knowledge—a thorough and minute acquaintance with Roman architecture, and with the precise nature of the materials used

* *Ancient Rome in 1885.* By J. Henry Middleton. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

by the Roman builders at various periods. On this latter point, indeed, Mr. Middleton is able to give most valuable information not merely in his description of the Forum, but in many other parts of his book, and all who desire to make anything like a systematic examination of the Roman ruins should give attention to what he says in his preface about the necessity of studying not only the general design of a building, but also the very composition of the concrete, and the constructional details.

Apart from the Forum, Mr. Middleton has not, owing to the energy and promptitude which have been shown in destroying remains directly they were unearthed, to deal with anything of importance which is new—that is to say, with anything which is really very old, but has only recently been brought to light again—unless the strange substructures of the Colosseum dug out early in the century, then allowed to fill up, and dug out again twelve years ago, be thought to come under this heading; but concerning the well-known and much-described ruins and remains of all kinds, except those which have been collected in galleries, he has much to say which is well worth attention, and not a little information to give which will certainly be new to many of his readers. As the title of his work shows, his object was to describe what was left of the regal, republican, and imperial city last year, and possibly at some remote time it may be quoted as telling very clearly what still existed of an historical city of some importance before a great and wise municipality, seeing the uselessness of half-measures and of destroying one set of old walls and leaving others standing, blew up all the ruins with dynamite, levelled the debris with the aid of skilful engineers, and produced a beautiful plain, free from any vestige of the tiresome old capital, and exactly fit for houses such as could easily be designed by the score, and never likely to give the slightest trouble to people who wanted to pull them down. Mr. Middleton evidently determined to describe Ancient Rome as thoroughly as he could—almost, in fact, as though it had never been described before—and so far as he could from careful examination of the ruins, and the result of his labours certainly entitles him to the gratitude of those visitors to Rome who desire something more than the meagre fare of a guide-book, which, giving semblance without substance, bears the same resemblance to a true student's work that a table-d'hôte does to a really good dinner, and will be specially acceptable to the travellers who want to be clear of obsolete views, to learn the latest ones, and to know the fruit of the most recent researches. All that was known up to 1885 about the various buildings and monuments of which remains, great or small, now exist, Mr. Middleton tells his readers, and his descriptions are clearly the result of careful personal examination. Indeed, so much has he relied on this as to contradict some established views; and he makes at all events one assertion which will be found astonishing by many who think that they are not ignorant of the architecture of the Eternal City. We know not what the admirer of Roman arches and Roman bricks will say to the following broad statement, seriously affecting the reputation of what they respect so much:—

It should be observed that in ancient Rome brick, whether for walls or arches, was used merely as a thin facing, and was of little constructional importance. In the true sense of the word there is no such thing as a brick wall among all the ruins of Rome; the actual wall or vault is always made of concrete, and the bricks are merely used as a thin skin over the visible faces. . . . Even party walls of small rooms, which are sometimes only seven inches thick, are not built solid, but have an inner core of concrete, with a facing of very small brick triangles.

This certainly contradicts to a certain extent accepted ideas, and perhaps some pertinacious antiquarian may discover somewhere a pure brick wall and say that Mr. Middleton is mistaken; but it should be observed that he has made a special study of concrete, and he certainly does bring out, if the expression may be allowed, the virtues of this amazing building material, perhaps the best ever used by man. As has been seen, concrete, after the lapse of seventeen centuries, could only be destroyed by dynamite. It has, according to the author, such astounding tenacity, more resembling that of metal than of stone or cement, that it was found possible to form the cupola of the Pantheon—which has the same diameter as the dome of St. Peter's—of one solid mass of it, which, if not absolutely and mathematically free from lateral thrust, is practically so; and, having endured without injuring the walls beneath it for so huge a period, will very probably be standing at the end of another of equal duration, if only the dynamiter has not been called in. Roman concrete, then, seeing its wonderful endurance and the marvellous uses it can be put to, is not such a dull subject as might at first sight appear; and what Mr. Middleton has to say about it is of real interest, and will be novel to many of his readers. Of other building materials, of ornamentation, and of the architecture of Rome, he tells, as has been said above, all apparently that can be told. In some details his book might be improved. The index should be much more full, and the map of Ancient Rome should be larger, and placed, as the plan of the Forum is, in such a position that the reader can consult it without closing the page he is studying. Other minor defects might be pointed out, and some statements are perhaps too bold; but there can be no doubt that, as a whole, the book has exceptional merit, and it will, we believe, take high rank as the work of a scholar and close observer who has been able to add to our knowledge of a city which has been the subject of more learned disquisition than any other on the face of the earth.

THE INDIGENEOUS FLORA OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The Indigenous Flora of the Hawaiian Islands is the title of a beautiful quarto volume of flower-painting by Mrs. Francis Sinclair. The original water-colour drawings, forty-four in number, have been reproduced, probably with considerable success, in chromo-lithography. There is no attempt at botanical arrangement, nor have the short descriptions which accompany the plates any special scientific value, being limited to a few remarks on the occurrence of the plant, shrub, or tree whose inflorescence forms the subject of the illustration, while the flowers themselves, which the artist has selected, represent only a very limited number of the finer forms of a flora, always somewhat restricted as compared with the flora of more favoured regions, and now gradually decreasing as the area of cultivation is extended; as Mrs. Sinclair expresses it:—"Forest fires, animals, and agriculture have so changed the islands within the last fifty or sixty years, that we can travel for miles in some districts without finding a single indigenous plant; the ground being wholly taken possession of by weeds, shrubs, and grasses imported from various countries." Fully one-fourth of the drawings in this volume are of plants "formerly more plentiful than now," some of them "confined to places where they are protected," others "doomed to early extinction," even if they have not "already disappeared." Forty-four flowering plants represent little more than one-tenth of the varieties known to exist upon these islands; but the selection may be regarded as a typical one, and the fact that so many of the Hawaiian plants will not long survive gives a higher interest to the volume than it would obtain if it were only a series of very pretty pictures.

The book is not one for elaborate review, but we must notice a possibly unusual use of the term "vine." The Hoi, *Dioscorea sativa*, is spoken of as "quite a peculiar vine," and we are told that "some of the vines are much longer than the piece represented." It may be locally correct to call the flexible climbing stem of the Hoi, as shown in the plate, a "vine," but the term to English ears is a misleading one. The *Dioscorea sativa* is not of the order Vinifera, and, unless the botanical name is here wrongly applied, it is a variety of the yam, one by no means of rare occurrence or limited to the Hawaiian Islands.

There are many mysteries yet unexplained relating to the insular floras of the Pacific. Though less abnormal than the flora of the Galapagos, where more than half the flowering plants are peculiar (174 in 332 species), and where each island has its own endemic species, the flora of Hawaii and the other Sandwich Islands presents some curious problems for solution. Such are the preponderance of certain orders, as the Lobeliaceæ; the paucity of showy flowers, and the almost entire absence of fragrant ones; the prevalence, again, of special colour—white or greenish-white predominating, yellow and pink being less frequent, while blue flowers are chiefly conspicuous by their absence; and, not least, the unexpected occurrence of *Drosera longifolia*, an old-world form whose nearest known habitat is thousands of miles away. The most complete account of the vegetation of the Sandwich Islands is that given by Dr. H. Wawra, to which reference is made in Mr. Hemsley's Report on Insular Floras, an introduction to the first three parts of the Botany of the Challenger Expedition.

THREE NOVELS.†

THE faults which were noticeable in Mrs. Riddell's earlier and powerful novels have increased with years till they threaten to obscure her many excellences. In proportion as her defects grow larger, the interest and originality of her stories weaken and her grasp of them becomes less, till in *Mitre Court* we have not a novel, but descriptions of many households with very little connecting link between them. We are sorry to have to say these things, for we have always liked and admired much of Mrs. Riddell's work. The pleasant idleness or graceful toil of Belgravia has held no charms for her; and she barely knows the A B C of its rules and conventionalities, or she would not talk, as she does more than once in *Mitre Court*, of the streams of carriages to be seen in the Park on Sundays. Her men and women are acquainted with the reality of life, and so busy are they working at the wings that they never have a chance of seeing how the play looks from the front. But one feature they have in common with their more fashionable brethren, and that is the desire for money—only in the East they seem to make for the pleasure of making, in the West they make for the pleasure of spending. Be the type of humanity what it may, Ruby Ruthven, George Geith, or the middle-aged and incomparable rake in *Susan Drummond*, Mrs. Riddell sees down straight into their hearts, and draws them with a firmness and an accuracy which few modern novelists can equal. In *Mitre Court* her art is as good as ever in this respect, her characters as many-sided; the story only lacks one quality, but un-

* *The Indigenous Flora of the Hawaiian Islands*. Forty-four Plates printed in Water-Colours, and described by Mrs. Francis Sinclair, jun. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

† *Mitre Court*. By Mrs. Riddell. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1885.

Miss Montizambert. By Mary A. M. Hoppus, Author of "Five-Chimney Farm." 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

Charcombe Wells. By E. F. Werry. 2 vols. London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

luckily that is the one thing needful in such books as Mrs. Riddell's—a plot. There are to be seen a young man and a young woman, who finally get married, and whose early histories are more or less romantic; but, after all, their love affairs do not occupy the first place in the three volumes, though perhaps it would be hard to say what does interest the reader more than the *amours*, as Pepys would have called them, of Abigail Weir and Frank Scott. Then, besides the usual long descriptions of walks through the City, with every street and alley enumerated at length—an enumeration in which many readers will feel a certain charm—there are now long passages, even a whole chapter, devoted to bewailing the wickedness of the Vestries and the barbarism of the Board of Works. We agree with very much that Mrs. Riddell says. It is sad, indeed, to see gables and archways and old galleries passing away, and big square buildings taking their place; but such moaning is not well placed in the pages of a novel. The very name of the book, too, is misleading. But little of its action passes in Mitre Court, and that little is by far the dullest part. The name had much better have been "In Fowkes Buildings" or "Out of Love Lane," for the heroine, a small waif who is the granddaughter of a fashionable Dean, resides in the old house that was once Sir Christopher Wren's. The household in Fowkes Buildings, a boarding-house for sailors, is presided over by a handsome, managing, commonplace woman, Mrs. Jeffery, who has a romantic though perfectly virtuous attachment to a rather wearisome foreign adventurer, Katzen by name, the author of the temporarily successful but ill-fated bubble Company which Mrs. Riddell cannot do without. We can feel languidly amused with the bad tempers of Mrs. Jeffery and the excellences of her honest and peace-loving husband; but the eternal prosing of the charwoman, Mrs. Childs, would tire the patience of the mortal fondest of realism. Mrs. Childs may be drawn to the life. Perhaps she is; but it is not a picture that morally or artistically is worth contemplating, and much too large a space is given to it. In Lady Adela Fulmer Mrs. Riddell has indicated with infinitely greater skill the maddening inconsequence of a fashionable lady without a mind, and one of the best scenes in the whole book is that in which her practical and businesslike son proves his capacity of dealing with her. It is impossible for so clever a woman as Mrs. Riddell to write a novel that does not abound in diverting sketches and thoughtful studies; but we sigh in vain for a little more concentration and a little less moralizing.

These shortcomings cannot be laid to the door of *Miss Montizambart*, a lady who, if she had sinned heavily, had certainly suffered more heavily still. Miss Hoppus has struck a new note when she makes Oliver Montizambart (the reputed nephew and actual son of the lady above-mentioned) repelled by the demonstrative affection of his supposed aunt, instead of feeling himself drawn towards her by mysterious heart-throbbings. Miss Montizambart is aware of this, and it forms part of her punishment. She has not only to hear her son call another woman "mother"; but to be aware that his love and esteem for that other woman is infinitely greater than that which he has for herself; and that when she tells him the truth, as she means to do (and does) on her death-bed, he will shrink from her with horror. All the interest of the book is centred on Miss Montizambart, though the minor characters are pleasant and sufficiently lifelike. The story opens with a humorous scene of the whole congregation waiting in their places in church for half an hour, on a very hot day, till the vicar's son appeared with his father's forgotten surplice, and with the opportunity for displaying original sin taken at the flood by the national school-boys. The second and youthful heroine, who the reader sees from the moment they confront each other in church is the destined wife of Oliver Montizambart, is of a type that has lately come into vogue. She is in all things the very antipodes of the lively, dashing, swaggering young women dear to the heart of Miss Broughton, but is gentle, serious, and capable, and—let us confess it at once—lacking in humour. Such as she was, however, she seems made for the place, which was to console Miss Montizambart in the last months of her life, to administer, tacitly or otherwise, rebukes to an unholy centenarian in the village, and to sympathize with Oliver in the revelation of his parentage. Oliver himself is more successful than the young heroes of lady writers usually are. He is reserved and confidential by turns; impatient of "being made a fool of," but tender-hearted to real trouble, and not a prig—at least only now and then. Miss Hoppus's work is always good, and she leaves nothing to chance or the lucky inspiration of the moment. She knows where to throw in her shadows, and where the background must be relieved by a touch of light. She likewise has the wisdom not to over-write herself, and the novel-reading public may hope for great things from her by-and-bye.

Of Miss Werry, on the contrary, the author of *Charcombe Wells*, we say with regret that the gifts of a novelist are not in her. *Charcombe Wells* is the prosy chronicle of a little country town, where a mineral spring has been discovered, and whose inhabitants hope in consequence to turn it into a second Harrogate. The author has fallen into the not uncommon mistake of thinking that minute and elaborate details of themselves form a picture, and that the daily chronicle of the lives of a set of hopelessly trivial people must of necessity be interesting. The characters in the book are numerous; but not one of them is natural, or even original. It starts with a colonel in the Indian army, who falls in love with a missionary's sister, and marries her. He then succeeds

to a baronetcy as Sir Hildebrand Otter, and returns to England with his wife, and in due course has a son. Existence is, however, poisoned to them all by the intrigues of Sir Hildebrand's *âme damnée*, one Major Dyer, who persuades the baronet that the marriage ceremony has not been legally performed, and that his son is illegitimate. We cannot understand why this idea should have prevented Sir Hildebrand from giving the boy the education which he had intended; but it apparently does, and the baronet bestows all his attentions on a second wife (whom he marries after the death of the first) and on her son. In the course of years both wife and son die, the disinherited heir goes away, and the old man is left to solitude. One day Sir Hildebrand (who is twice called Sir Ughtred) disappears too. He has been last seen in his own park, in company with a fierce bull, and then he drops out of society altogether. We must own that for some time we expected him to turn out a second Lost Sir Massingberd. There seemed no place that he could have got to, except into a tree, and it is a great relief to find, many pages further on, that the idea has occurred to him to expiate his errors in a secret room in his own house, with the connivance of a servant, and he merely emerges to die. The expiation ought to have been satisfactory, for it must have proved excessively wearisome. The baronet and his son, who returns under another name and marries the heroine, form *le hic-hif* of the book. The rest of the society consists of fortune-hunting, benevolent-looking old clergymen, country lawyers, village doctors, flirting widows, weak young men, and of course a damsel as beautiful as the day, betrothed to one of the weak young men, and driven by stress of circumstances to live with a disagreeable maiden aunt, who calls herself first Jane, and then Maria, Sutton. Miss Werry has not known how to manage her story, and the amount of machinery used is out of all proportion to the end to be attained. For instance, it being necessary to discover the missing witness to Sir Hildebrand's first marriage, a train of events is invented by Miss Werry, which is nearly as elaborate as the election of the Council of Ten. A lady in the suburbs takes it into her head to give a dinner-party of eight. She borrows a silver salver from her friend, Miss Jane or Maria Sutton, who, with her niece, is to form one of the guests. For greater precaution the projector of the dinner-party goes to fetch the salver herself, and having done so, sticks it on a bush while she pins her dress to keep it out of the mud, and then straightway forgets all about it. This hardly seems a probable incident; but to continue. Seeing a silver salver growing on a lavender-bush, a poor woman who is passing naturally takes possession of it, recognizes the crest in the middle to be the Otters', and of course turns out to be the one person who is necessary to establish the marriage. If all story-tellers took as lengthly a method of leading up to their effects, our bookstalls would be even more encumbered than they are already. *Charcombe Wells* contains a great deal about eating and drinking and strong cups of tea and lobsters. The style in which the attractions and excitements of the place are described is not always lucid—as, for instance, when in page 4 a brook is said to have "disappeared in one of the wide episodes of the river." There is also a tendency, common, we are sorry to say, in the female sex, to omit the noun in favour of the pronoun, which gives rise to vagueness on the part of the reader. Altogether *Charcombe Wells* belongs to the class of books which no one is the better for reading. They are not amusing, they are not instructive, and they simply encourage young girls to waste their time.

THE 1859 EDITION OF FITZGERALD'S OMAR KHAYYAM.

AMONG the English poet-translators of our age, a class neither a few nor undistinguished, the late Mr. Fitzgerald (who, as the "old Fitz" of Lord Tennyson's latest book, has probably been introduced for the first time to many English readers) is more and more definitely taking the foremost place. This is not the less remarkable because the position so held and confirmed is taken on the tenure of one single masterpiece, and that a pamphlet. He paraphrased the *Salmân and Abadl* of Jami with elegance, but this work has not yet caught the popular ear. His versions of Virgil's *Gnat*, of certain comedies of Calderon, of other interesting classics, have hitherto been issued, if issued at all, in so obscure and cryptic a manner that the world has not made up its mind about their excellence. The task of editing the life and letters of Edward Fitzgerald has been accepted by hands the most competent that could have been found, those of Mr. W. Aldis Wright. When Mr. Wright's volumes are before us we shall be able, no doubt, to form a more rounded estimate of Fitzgerald's general powers.

The history of his translation of the *Rubâiyât of Omar Khayyâm* has been curious. It was published, anonymously, as a quarto pamphlet of less than forty pages, in 1859. It fell absolutely dead from the press, and, in the process of time, proceeded direct to the fourpenny-box of the dealer in second-hand books. This is usually the pauper's shell of literature. To share the sad epitaph "All here at fourpence" is to go down to oblivion in company with the unsuccessful school-book and with yesterday's sermon. That dust-heap in the Barbican, whence the only known copy of Barnfield's *Lady Pecunia* was snatched, so the legend runs, by some antiquary of the last century, was hardly a slenderer thread between nothingness and fame. But in the

fourpenny-box the *Rubáiyát* became slowly celebrated. The late D. G. Rossetti was one of its first admirers, and he sent his pupils, the earnest young men that hung upon his Chaucerian lips, to search the boxes for hid treasure. The neglected translation was a grain of mustard-seed that grew into a tree, and it has had an influence on the verse of the last thirty years which no intelligent historian of our recent literature will ever overlook.

The consequence of this subterranean kind of success, which expressed itself at first in no reviews or public eulogies, was that in 1868 the publisher was persuaded, or Mr. Fitzgerald was encouraged, to issue a new edition. The *princeps* has long been unattainable; the copies rescued from the fourpenny-box by the faithful were comparatively few, and the remainder perished. The edition of 1859 is now worth more than its light weight in gold. But the reprint of 1868, which is now generally known, differs to a very surprising degree from the original, and it is not unusual to hear the latter described as a wonderful poem which was completely ruined by revision. In view of this legend, and the rarity of the first text, we propose to give some account of the divergencies which occur in the editions of this singularly interesting poem.

The treatment of the opening quatrain does without doubt appear to justify the complaint that the author had not the courage of his first adventure. In 1859 the poem began in this brilliant fashion:—

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to flight;
And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Nothing could exceed the felicity of this cluster of eastern images; and we hope that Mr. Aldis Wright will be able to explain to us under what pressure it was, from without or within, that Mr. Fitzgerald tamed down his Persian tiger-cat in 1868:—

Wake! For the Sun behind yon Eastern height
Has chased the Session of the Stars from Night;
And, to the field of Heav'n ascending, strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

These "shafts" and "sessions" are ineffectual indeed after the heroic imagery of the original, and the poet was obliged to suppress the interesting note that explained that flinging a stone into the cup was the signal for "To Horse!" in the Desert.

The second stanza in 1859 was not less original, and has still more completely disappeared. It was, however, less poetical, and we regret it less acutely. It is, however, worth recalling:—

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky,
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

From this point the text of 1859 proceeds as we now know the poem for a considerable distance, save that the rose had a "yellow cheek," which we distinctly prefer to her present "sallow" one. So far we agree with the critics who complain of the revision as wholly uncalled for. But at the eighth quatrain we join issue with them. It would be unfortunate, indeed, to be deprived of the stanza beginning "Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon," which is a little masterpiece of melody, and in 1859 the beautiful opening of the next quatrain took this far less felicitous form:—

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke,—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay.

Nor do we carry antiquarianism so far as to persuade ourselves to prefer

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot—

to the mellifluous

Well, let it take them! what have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?

A little lower down the definite "A Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough" of 1859 is but ill exchanged for "A little Bread" in 1868 and onwards. We proceed, and presently discover that the quatrain "Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin," does not occur in the original edition. Among the noble series of instances of fallen splendour we miss also "The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw," but come upon it, upon closer examination, in the notes at the end of the poem. For some distance onwards our collation reveals no important changes save in the sequence of the sections. Of the following very suggestive quatrain, however, the last line only has been preserved since 1859:—

O come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

We presently reach a point where the later editions have manifestly an advantage over the first. It is extraordinary to find so halting and wooden an inception as this,

Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence,

taking the place of the magnificent lines that are among the best known in the whole poem—

Ah, contrite Heav'n endowed us with the Vine
To drag the memory of that insolence!

The central part of the poem, in which Omar Khayyám gives the rein to his mystical and sceptical metaphysics, is treated quite otherwise in the first and the later editions. Readers familiar

with the series of curious quatrains, which form the least pleasing but not the least original section of the work, will be inclined to compare them with these concise stanzas, now entirely transmuted and dissolved, in which the cynicism of the poet was presented in 1859:—

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of thee.
For in and out, above, about, below;
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.
And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the nothing all things end in—Yes—
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.
While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink;
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee—take that and do not shrink.

The section, now unnamed and consisting of nine quatrains, which recounts the conversation among the pots at the close of Ramazán, is called "Kúza-Náma" and contains but eight quatrains in the original edition. Here, also, the alterations add little or nothing to the effect; and some of the earlier phrases, such as "surly Tapster" for "surly Master," and "the clay Population" for "the Shapes of Clay," seem distinctly preferable.

The most curious and unfortunate alteration has yet, however, to be noted. Few readers of the poem will hesitate to admit that the final section, with its exquisitely pathetic references to the poet's approaching death, form the crowning charm of the whole poem. But, as we at present possess it, it is marred by the insertion of three stanzas—those beginning "Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield"—in which the exquisite tension of style is sensibly relaxed, and in which a more commonplace order of reflection breaks in upon the sincerity and originality of the rest. These three needless quatrains repeat, with infinitely less felicity, the sentiment of the beautiful stanza that now follows them:—

Ah, Love! could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter into bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire.

It is therefore extremely interesting to discover that these three stanzas do not occur in the first edition, and that they are—what we might perhaps have suspected them to be—an addition thrust into the poem when the brain of the writer was no longer running with molten bronze. Without this colder patch upon it, the section forms one of the most delicate and lovely passages of recent English verse. The last quatrain but one in 1859 ran thus:—

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again;
How oft hereafter rising will she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain.

It is currently believed that the cruel reception which Fitzgerald's *Six Dramas of Calderon* met with from the *Athenæum* in 1853—a reception immediately followed by the withdrawal of the volume from circulation—led him to hold very lightly upon publicity. He was not surprised when the *Rubáiyát* also fell still-born from the press, and, if younger hands had not lifted it from neglect, it is unlikely that he would ever have revived it. His theory of translation was a very free one, and justified only by complete poetical success. It was perfectly pardonable that a reviewer who demanded exact fidelity to the text of his original should exclaim against a translator who took Sir John Denham's plea for license so literally. But it is not as a translation that the English-speaking people have accepted the *Rubáiyát* into their literature—it is as an original poem; and in thus comparing the first edition of this important work with the second, we have thought it as needless to inquire what relation either version bears to the text of Omar Khayyám as it would be to tie Marlowe down to the very language of Musæus. In the one case and the other, the paraphrase possesses merits which render it of greater importance than the original.

MOON LORE.*

THIS is not a bad book, and might easily have been made a good one. In his studies of myths, religious rites, and popular superstitions connected with the moon Mr. Harley has read a large number of modern authorities, and his notes, collected at the end of the book, are of real service to the folklorists. He is not much prejudiced in favour of any particular sect of mythologists; and, if he quotes Sir George Cox, and even Goldziher, he makes up for it by a careful reading of Mr. Tylor. Unluckily Mr. Harley is a wag, and in the earlier portion of his volume especially he tries to be as funny as he can. "The first part," he remarks, "is mythological and mirthsome." It reads like a popular lecture, written down to an audience that, like gentle dulness in general, loves a joke. He cannot refrain from a witticism about Mark Lemon and *Punch*. He introduces a pun about the "Indian Moonshine." But, to do him justice, he soon wearsies

* *Moon Lore*. By the Rev. T. Harley. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1885.

of waggishness, and gives us his budget of notes about the moon in folklore with sense and in a straightforward manner.

The "Man in the Moon" in English folk-lore and in English *faciæ* first occupies Mr. Harley. "There liveth none under the sonne"—he quotes John Lilly—"that knows what to make of the Man in the Moone." That there is a man in the moon, or a face in the moon, or a woman in the moon, or a hare in the moon, is the popular fashion of explaining the marks on the moon's disk. In England the moon has long been identified with the Israelite who was stoned for gathering fuel on the Sabbath. In Germany the sinner strewed brambles in the church path to keep people away from the service. The Northern Frisians say he stole cabbages on Christmas Eve. From a Harleian MS. Mr. Harley quotes the Latin text of Neckam, of St. Albans (1157), with the Latin version of a popular ditty:—

Rusticus in Luna
Quem sarcinæ deprimit una
Monstrat per spinas
Nulli prodesset rapinas.

Caliban, as every one knows, was acquainted with the man in the moon, his dog, and bush.

From this English folk-lore Mr. Harley turns, rather abruptly, to what is really a very different matter, the savage nature-myths about the moon. These do not, for the most part, recognize the spots as a man, but explain them by ætiological myths, in which the moon is regarded as a man or woman, who has been permanently marked in one way or another, who must always wander, and who is cut up in small pieces, and restored again to his or her original shape. These are the most obvious lunar phenomena, and these are all accounted for by tales satisfactory to the curious yet indolent savage fancy, to the undeveloped scientific desire *causas cognoscere rerum*. As Mr. Harley's examples, though good, are not very new, perhaps two illustrations may be of more service than the citation of myths already in the hands of all students. By the way, we do not observe that Schwartz is quoted by Mr. Harley, yet his *Sonne, Mond und Sterne* is a useful compilation.

The Pirite Indians have a mythology and a chief—Toorooop Eenah, "Desert Father." Toorooop has been interviewed by the enterprising journalist Dan de Quille, and expresses thus his astronomical opinions:—"The sun is the father and ruler of the heavens." Let Sir Henry Maine note this testimony to *patria potestas* among the Pirites. It is carried, Sir Henry will observe, to the utmost extreme of despotism. "The moon is the sun's wife, and the stars are their children. The sun eats his children whenever he can catch them." (Can some such theory be at the root of the Myth of Cronus?) "They fly out of sight when he appears in the morning. It is not the sun's head that we see, but his belly, filled up with the stars that times and times he has swallowed. The moon goes into the same hole under the ground as her husband to sleep her naps. But always she has great fear of her husband, the sun; and when he comes through the hole to the *nobee* (tent) to sleep, she gets out, and comes away if he be cross." The disappearance of the moon is caused by her wearing mourning, "black on her face," for the death of her swallowed children. "But the pitch will wear away from the face of that mother, the moon."

A more beautiful example of a savage nature-myth, or one which so happily accounts for all the phenomena observed by the Pirites, could not easily be found. We are indebted for it to the *Atta* of San Francisco. It will be noticed that it is not "a disease of language" which produced this myth, but a desire to learn the causes of things, and an attempt to satisfy that desire by the invention of an explanation based on the usual savage premise that all things are persons.

Before Macassar was converted to Islam Gervaise tells us that the medicine-men there had their own lunar myths, which we do not remember to have seen in the usual handbooks. "The Sun pursued the Moon to ill-treat her. As she fled from him she gave birth to the Earth." The Earth split as it fell, and from this Gaia of Macassar were born Water and Earth Gods, or Giants. The Earth Giants cause earthquakes by labouring at forging gold and iron. The Moon still gives birth to new worlds, which are periodically consumed by the Sun. The Sun and Moon are now reconciled in the interests of their children. (*Description Historique du Royaume de Macassar*. Paris. 1688.)

The Macassar people were much more advanced in culture than the Pirites, but had retained the same sort of savage science, blending into myth and religion. Who can possibly maintain that such transparent nature-myths are "nothing but a survival in language"? Mr. Harley's remarks on the Moon-hare (that widespread recognition of the figure of a hare in one of the blotches on the moon) are sensible—in fact, when not facetious, he usually writes to the purpose. His collection of notes will not be disdained by *folkloristes*, though all the notes are not exactly fresh or novel.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is one of the minor misfortunes of contemporary literature that M. Guy de Maupassant should not only have been born a Frenchman, but have been born at the precise time and in the precise circumstances which made him a predestined child of naturalism. No living French novelist excels him in the short tale, if quality of treatment as distinguished from choice of

subject is considered. He writes admirably; he has humour, pathos, dramatic grasp of situation; and, above all, realist as he is, knows when to hold his tongue and pen and leave the reader to imagine something. Yet all these good gifts are too often spoilt and made of none effect by his unlucky determination to provide at any cost books that are not fit for the drawing-room table. Far be it from us to suggest the contrary aim as the sole one in literature; what the present school in France seems unable to understand is that, as a deliberate purpose, one is as bad as the other. *Monsieur Parent* (1) and its companion tales are in parts deeply tarred with the usual brush, but not quite so deeply as to exclude them from notice. The first and longest has great merits. The highest compliment we can pay it is that something in the pathetic absurdity of the hero makes us think of that most painful, but not least powerful, of Thackeray's minor works, *Denis Hoggarty's Wife*, though the motive and situation are entirely different. *Le baptême*, again, which is free from the tar, is scarcely unworthy of the *Petits poèmes en prose*, and *Solitude* (which has the same merit) is a curiously unconscious prose wording of the theme of two famous poems of Lord Houghton's and Mr. Matthew Arnold's. On the other hand, the brutal Wordsworthian process of simply tearing out parts of the book might be regarded as in its case excusable by no very rigid moralists. The author seems to be bent on justifying the existence of Bowdler, so easily separable is his good from his bad. In *Vainqueurs et vaincus* (2), which is partly Parisian and partly Polish, Count Wodzinski has, we think, improved upon *La Princesse Lamanzoff*. The return to the romance of adventure and of old times has for the last year or two been as evident in France as in England, if not more so. *Le roman d'un officier de fortune* (3) and *Jean Misère* (4) are instances. The writer of the first seems to have taken for model rather followers of the Alexandrine model, such as Paul Féval and Amédée Achard, than the master himself, and he has not been unsuccessful on this consideration. M. Louis Létang, more ambitious, would seem to have had not merely *Les trois mousquetaires*, but also *Le capitaine Fracasse*, in view—parious examples with which to challenge comparison. The chief fault in all these books—a fault which may be corrected in time—is the want of the extraordinary conversational narrative (as it may be called) of Scott and Dumas. M. Pierre Cœur's tales (5) have merit, the best being perhaps the last and shortest, "*Le gros lot*," which tells how a woman of irreproachable character succumbed to the temptation of robbing a dying servant to save her own family from ruin. We have seen work of Mme. Claude Vignon's which we liked much better than *Une étrangère* (6). It tells how an American adventuress foisted a supposititious child on an English peer, got received in various societies, had experiences of various kinds, and finally took refuge in injections of morphia. From *Le puits mitoyen* (7) it would appear that there is merit in water companies, at least if you cannot have a well all to yourself. The book is a crime-novel; part of it passes at Calcutta, and there are two English villains who bear the well-known English names of Climpson and Smithwork. The wife of Mr. Climpson is naturally Lady Climpson. *Madame Margaret* (8) might be sub-titled "A Lesson for Mothers-in-Law." The *belle-mère* in question, whose conduct corresponds rather to Juvenal's than to Thackeray's portrait of her much-reviled class, experiences the exemplary punishment of being burnt, body and bones, with the daughter she has led astray by (and with) the son-in-law she has outraged. If this is not poetical justice, what is? *L'adversaire* (9) is a kind of following of *L'évangéliste*, the Salvation Army playing an even more prominent and direct part. M. Pierre Maury's *Scènes vécues* (10) are harmless and sometimes amusing. But are Frenchmen still contented to have an Englishman introduced to them as "Sir Hug Esquire"? They have always been tolerant of the very slight equipage of knowledge with which their authors present themselves. *La bonne en or* (11) is an example of the most unlovely, though perhaps not the most morally reprehensible, kind of naturalism—the prolonged and laborious representation in literary form of the most squalid and repulsive sides of life. It is true that the peasant proprietorship which our wisacres are so anxious to introduce into England affords in France almost inexhaustible studies of such life; it is also true that M. Pagat shows evidence of more talent than most of the tribe of Zola, but the thing is no more worth doing for that. *Louis de Montval* (12) tells how a *chasseur de mariées* was foiled in his game. It is perhaps rash of the author to take a pseudonym which makes the reader think of the liveliest efforts of "Richard O'Monroy's" pen.

- (1) *Monsieur Parent*. Par Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (2) *Vainqueurs et vaincus*. Par A. Wodzinski. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (3) *Le roman d'un officier de fortune*. Par De Beaupaire. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (4) *Jean Misère*. Par Louis Létang. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (5) *Le petit Roseray*. Par Pierre Cœur. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (6) *Une étrangère*. Par Claude Vignon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (7) *Le puits mitoyen*. Par Pierre Sales. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
- (8) *Madame Margaret*. Par A. Lapointe. Paris: Plon.
- (9) *L'adversaire*. Par Henry Maystre. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (10) *Scènes vécues*. Par Pierre Maury. Paris: Ghio.
- (11) *La bonne en or*. Par Henri Pagat. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (12) *Louis de Montval*. Par Parabère. Paris: Ollendorff.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER'S *Marvels of Animal Life* (Sampson Low & Co.) is one of a class of books to which full justice can only be rendered by quotation. To sample it effectively were to quote it extensively—to fill columns, in fact—a proceeding very tempting to the reviewer, though scarcely advantageous to the author. The many and diverse attractions of the volume, moreover, make selection a difficult matter. The scheme of the book is similar to that of Mr. Gosse's *Romance of Natural History*, and, like that delightful work, it deals not only with present aspects of the more obscure forms of animal life, but plunges into the mesozoic and paleozoic past. "Is there a Sea-serpent?" is a chapter devoted to a problem of perennial interest. Mr. Holder is enabled to produce some affirmative evidence not less striking than that of Mr. Gosse. There is, by the way, a curious passage in *The Faerie Queene* that might form an appropriate motto for Mr. Holder's speculations. A prolonged residence on the island of Tortugas offered rare opportunities for studying the teeming life of the tropic seas that girt the Florida reef. But Mr. Holder goes far afield in treating of nest-building and amphibious fish, of mimicry in the animal world, of the phosphorescence of the great deep, of animal electricians, of strange creatures who supply "living homes" for humbler beings, of prodigious Xiphias and man-eating sharks. Of these marvels Mr. Holder writes with the enthusiasm and insight of an ardent naturalist, varying these fascinating investigations with thrilling recitals of whale-fishing and the like. The book, in short, is profound, interesting, and leaves an abiding sense of pleasure. The illustrations are exceedingly spirited, so much so that we regret particularly we cannot trace the designer of plates 17, 18, and 31—three ingenious reproductions of extinct animals.

The present activity of colonial enterprise may lead restless spirits of the pioneering order to consult Mr. John Buchanan's experiences in *The Shire Highlands, as Colony and Mission* (Blackwood & Sons). The extensive district south of Lake Nyassa, of which Mr. Buchanan gives an interesting and glowing account, is generally known only through the explorations of Livingstone and the missions of the Free Church of Scotland and the English Universities. There Bishop Tozer and the late Bishop Steere laboured for a season, and in the Shire valley the lamented Bishop Mackenzie died and was buried in 1862. Mr. Buchanan pleads for an English protectorate, and shows cause why emigrants from the mother-country should do well on the fertile plateaux of the Shire. The latter event, however, must follow the former, if the colony is to become a fact.

The fame of Frederick W. Robertson was that of the preacher, and therefore essentially evanescent. His contributions to theology are unlikely to supply oil to the dead embers of his oratory. His name moves not as Kingsley's or Maurice's, and Dean Stanley's estimate of his histrionic powers sounds already a little incredible, if not mere hyperbole, in the ears of many of his admirers. The Rev. Frederick Arnold's *Robertson of Brighton* (Ward & Downey) will revive many memories, but more than this it can hardly effect. In some respects the book supplements and even supplies deficiencies in Mr. Stopford Brooke's biography, while in parts it suggests by its discursiveness an inversion of the title.

People who winter in Rome, and do not desire to do all things as the Romans do, may profitably read Dr. David Young's *Rome in Winter, and the Tuscan Hills in Summer* (H. K. Lewis). The little book is an excellent guide, full of pertinent advice and valuable information.

All who have delighted in Mrs. Ewing's stories for children—and who has not?—will read with interest the affecting memoir by her sister, Horatia K. F. Gatty, *Juliana Horatia Ewing and her Books* (S.P.C.K.). Some pretty woodcuts and an excellent portrait illustrate the text.

For the "Clarendon Press Series" Mr. H. F. Tozer has edited Byron's *Child Harold* (Oxford Clarendon Press). In the introduction the poem is curiously estimated as "the greatest of Byron's works." The essay on the structure of the poem contains some sound analysis and the notes are exhaustive.

Dipping heedlessly into *Sonnets, Sacred and Secular* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)—two hundred in sum—we hap on the following, entitled "Incitement":—

Poets love poets best through whom was born
Their certain poetry, through whom the ring
Of all that's clearest, best in what they bring
Was a just melody, to fill the morn
As the lark's singing, and to bid them scorn
For aye all lesser—

and this is a fair specimen of the author's style. The author of *The Post in May* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is not without the singing voice and the power of expressing emotion in a sweet minor key, though the promise of Mr. Evelyn Pyne's former volume is not fulfilled. Not so much as this can be said of *Aureliana*, by E. A. R. (private circulation), and *Katie; and other Poems* (Wyman & Sons).

Mr. William C. Smith is the author of a little book entitled *The Secretary for Scotland* (Blackwood & Sons), a treatise on the powers and duties of the new office created by the Act of last Session.

We have received Lord Idlesleigh's Edinburgh University discourse, *The Pleasures, Dangers, and Uses of Desultory Reading* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); Professor Pritchard's *Uranometria Nova Oxoniensis* (Oxford: Clarendon Press); the English edition

of Mr. Gronlund's *Co-operative Commonwealth* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), already noticed in its American form; Professor Sidgwick's British Association address, *The Scope and Method of Economic Science* (Macmillan & Co.); the first half-yearly volume of *The Scottish Church* (Edinburgh: R. & R. Clark), and an essay by Mr. Henry Freeman *On Speech Formation* (Trübner & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or \$7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines, Paris: and 59 Rue d'Antibes, Cannes.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1577, JANUARY 16, 1886:

- The Opening of Parliament.*
Mr. Gladstone on Political Leisure. Troubles in the East.
Archdeacon Farrar's Anacreontics.
Government Arms. The Gordon Boys' Home.
Cape Colony. Ireland. Between Snow and Thaw.
Sir Andrew and the Flower-Girls. Upper School and Weston's Yard.
Reform of the French Navy. The Brawling Verger.
The Outbreak at Carthage. Burmah. Samoa.
The Modest Confidence of Mr. Childers.

Buddhist Eccentricities.
The Day of Small Things. The Millais Exhibition.
The English Manor—II. Canvas-Backs.
A Show a la Wiertz. The Salvationists.
St. Emilion. The Dangers of Overhead Wires.
The Foreign Trade of 1885.

Baron O'Hagan's Speeches.
Mrs. Dymond and other Stories.
London in the Reign of Edward III. Eros and Psyche.
Windsor. Horses. Life in the English Church, 1660-1714.
Ancient Rome in 1885.
The Indigenous Flora of the Hawaiian Islands. Three Novels.
The 1859 Edition of Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam.
Moon Lore. French Literature.
New Books and Reprints.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1576, JANUARY 9, 1886:

- Political Prospects—Sir James Stephen on Home Rule—Positivists and Politics—The Miseries of Tailors—The Charterhouse—Local Government—Ransom in the Strand—Strikes in Wales—France—Snow in London—England and the East—Naval Abuses, Real and Imaginary—Gladstoniana—Burmah—Mr. Childers and Mr. Morley—Election Expenses.
Small Fry—On Keeping the Temper—Faust at the Lyceum—Lord Radstock on Church Reform—The Canon and the Baboon—The Old Masters at the Royal Academy—The Revenue Returns—Nadja.
Some Books on Shakespeare—Mr. Stevenson's New Story—Lowe's Prince Bismarck—Gil Blas—Madame Moli—Polynesia—Six Novels—The Book of the Pig—Geddes's Phædo—Roberts and Mary Moffat—Modern English Caricature—A New Quarterly—French Literature—New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.